"BE PREPARED." See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 494 | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

313/20

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the Scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Nov. 20th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And if the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Nov. 20th, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

I Simply MUST Tell You

about Milkmaid Cocoa—for you want to save money these days, and with Milkmaid Cocoa you *do* save. It is just the most delicious Cocoa, with milk and sugar already added—quite correctly—and all you need is boiling water. It is a splendid beverage—and you'll all love it.

MILKMAID COCOA

CASH PRICE 4½d. and 8½d.

Sold in tins by all Grocers.

Write for attractive illustrated booklet of Recipes, post free on request.

NESTLÉ'S,
6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

'Atora' is always ready for use.

"Handiness" is one of the great advantages "Atora" Beef Suet offers to busy housewives.

One moment's stirring into the flour replaces all the laboured "chop, chopping" of butcher's suet, and the pastry and piecrust and puddings it makes are perfection.
And—think of the economy!

Shredded "ATORA"

—real beef suet, with all skin, water, and waste matter removed—refined, sterilised, and machine-shredded into tiny particles, kept separate by a thin coating of rice flour.

"Atora" is purity and wholesomeness itself. It is regularly used for the Army and Navy and all Polar expeditions.

Your Grocer sells it in handy 1 lb. cartons, 10½d., and ½lb. cartons, 5½d.

Order "Atora" in Blocks or Frying and Cooking, and Shredded for Puddings and Pastry.

See Manufacturers:
HUGON & CO., Ltd., Ogden Lane, Openshaw, Manchester.

Still they come!

IF you could see the stream of letters from people who have tried Hall's Wine—if you could read the grateful messages—you would *know* that Hall's Wine does all we claim for it.

Strengthen's Voice lost through 'Nerves'

"I have derived great benefit from Hall's Wine. I lost my voice for six weeks. The doctor said it was due to weakness and nerves. Now my voice is quite strong again, and I feel better than I have done for a long time."

Did good where medicines failed

"I am improving greatly since my operation, and feel great benefit since taking Hall's Wine. It has proved its value where other medicines failed."

'Just one bottle' proves wonderful

"I must say Hall's Wine is a wonderful tonic for 'bucking you up.' I felt very low when I first came home, but since taking one bottle I feel different altogether."

(All the above letters are on file.)

Now indeed is the time to prove the strength-restoring powers of Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return the half-empty bottle to us, and we will refund your entire outlay.

Extra Large Size, 3s. 6d. Sold by all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

Proprietors: Stephen Smith and Co., Ltd., Bow London.

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"RUSSIA'S DAY"

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER the 18th.

(Under the Patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen.)

Britain's Message to Russia:

AN ADDRESS BY

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

AT THE

Alhambra Grand Matinée

In which many world-renowned Artistes have kindly promised to appear.

Tickets for the Matinee at the Alhambra Theatre. Special Booking Office:—The Piccadilly Hotel.

Russia's Day is being organised throughout the Country.

THE OBJECTS ARE:—

The Anglo-Russian Hospital at Petrograd.
The Russian Prisoners in Germany and for providing Motor Ambulances for the wounded.

Chairman, LADY ARTHUR PAGET.
Organisers, Mrs. LYALL and FRANK R. BRIGHTEN, Esq.
Hon. Secs., CECIL PERRY, Esq., and J. G. CORFIELD, Esq.

Flags will be sold in all the streets and principal Hotels in London & the Provinces.

FLAG SELLERS, HELPERS AND MOTOR CARS WANTED FOR THURSDAY.

What Will YOU Do for RUSSIA'S DAY?

All particulars—5, ARGYLE PLACE, W.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 494. Week ending Saturday, November 20th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Russia's Day.

Read the page opposite—*and get your tickets.*

Lord Kitchener.

So all is well. Kitchener has *not* resigned, and *is* coming back to the War Office. But perhaps, after all, the rumours of his resignation have done good. They have proved to the Government that Kitchener is the one man with whom the country will not, *in any circumstances*, part. So now it knows.

Ireland.

By the time these lines are read—submarines permitting—we shall have paid a visit to Belfast and Kingstown; so that in future we shall be entitled to pose as authorities on the Irish Question!

To the Scala.

All roads will lead to the Scala—in Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road—on Thursday evening, the *25th inst.*—when, during an interval in the wonderful spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," the Editor is to deliver a short address on the war. The Scala itself is one of the sights of London—and this should be a red-letter night in its history.

Next Sunday—

We shall be at the London Alhambra at eight o'clock, to tell you things about the war. Things which the Censor says you should not know!

Very Sorry.

Again, despite special preparation and the printing of largely increased quantities, we are unable to cope with the public demand for our journal. Last week we could not execute "repeat orders" from W. H. Smith and Sons, and other wholesale agents—and all our attempts to collect copies from the trade met with the same reply, "Sold out." Where *will* it end?

Something for Christmas.

Everybody this year is desirous of finding something at Christmas time suitable for sending out to the boys at the Front. To save them any further trouble, we are producing a wonderful Christmas Number—which will be on sale everywhere on December 10th, at the price of 3d., and will include a special supplement consisting of a mounted and signed photogravure of the Editor. So give your orders at once.

Mr. Churchill.

So Winston has resigned. More next week. We await *his* version.

Strikes.

There are still strikes going on—in a relatively small way, it is true—in various parts of the country; whilst miners and others are making very bad time. Where *is* that Act, Mr. Lloyd George?

Subtle "F. E."

That was a brilliant idea on the part of the Attorney-General when, in his speech at the Guildhall, he promised that so long as he exercised the patronage of the Bar, he would not forget those barristers who had been to the Front. There ought to be quite a rush of "juniors"!

Cause and Effect?

On Wednesday, November 3rd, we addressed an Open Letter to the "Honourable" R. D. Denman, M.P., in reference to his unpatriotic attitude on the war. The following day the Carlisle Golf Club removed the "Honourable" Member from its lists of Vice-Presidents! 'Twas ever thus.

More Optimism.

Mr. Balfour had evidently read our article, *Germany is Whacked*, before making his Guildhall speech. "It seems," said he, "that we are almost in sight of the time when the strain put on our enemies must become intolerable." More "fatuous optimism"!

The Drink Bogy.

Aren't we really making fools of ourselves? To-day we may not ask a friend to take a glass of wine, or beer—and soon, at the rate we are going on, we shall not be permitted to ask ourselves. How Germany must be laughing at us! Stiggins, Chadband and Co. are having the time of their life—and in their hearts blessing the Huns for this war.

The Globe.

We are sorry for our bright and enterprising contemporary, the *Globe*—which was just beginning to "get there." How it came to be deceived is a mystery which will doubtless some day be explained. We think we know. And perhaps we may shortly tell the story. Now, if only it had said that when Mr. Bonar Law recently visited the King—but we must be careful!

Lynch Law.

In more robust days than these in which we live, Dr. Arthur Lynch, M.P., would have found short shrift with the British public after his scandalous attack—at this critical stage of the war—in the House of Commons the other night upon Lord Kitchener and General French. The infamy of the thing was aggravated by the fact that Dr. Lynch was convicted during the Boer War of treason to his country.

A £1,000 Christmas Box.

On page 32 will be found particulars of this unique Christmas Box offer to our readers.

£1,000 for a Christmas Box. See page 32.

Misdirected Economy.

In the course of a debate in the House of Lords last week on the subject of national economy, Lord Devonport complained of what he considered to be the excessive separation allowances enjoyed by soldiers' wives, and, in effect, urged upon the Government a drastic reduction in that direction. His Lordship appeared to be scandalised by the fact that in some cases soldiers' wives with families of young children are now in receipt of a larger weekly sum than in pre-war days, when they had to depend solely upon their husbands' earnings. We are second to none in our appreciation of the importance of economy in the present crisis. It is an urgent necessity which we have repeatedly pressed upon the attention of the Government. But we think economy should begin at the top, where it can best be practised. We would prefer to see the inflated stipends of certain Church dignitaries, the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, and the unearned, self-voted honorariums of Members of Parliament cut down to reasonable figures before any assault is made upon the paltry pittances which a grateful (?) Government allows to the wives of soldiers who are risking limb and life in the service of the Empire.

A Poor *Quid pro Quo*.

What if in some cases soldiers' wives *are* receiving a few shillings more a week now that their heroic husbands are performing their deadly duties in the field? Will the country, realising the sacrifices they are enduring, begrudge them that? Do not they deserve some slight monetary compensation for the racking anxiety, the searing suspense, the ceaseless fear, which, in the absence of their loved ones, make each day a long-drawn mental agony? That there is a crying need for rigorous economies in a hundred directions is clear to all. But the inherent justice of the British mind will not tolerate for one moment any suggestion to increase the financial stress of the dependents of Thomas Atkins, Esq.

Hero at Sixteen.

A boy of sixteen, who dives into a poisonous canal and rescues a man, pulling him through the water and even under it because he was not strong enough to hold him on the surface, is surely entitled to some recognition, even if it be but a parchment certificate or a bronze medal. Young David Lambie, of Clydebank, saved the life of a man, in the circumstances described, more than a year ago, and has received nothing beyond "Thank you." This boy of sixteen does not hanker after reward, but there are many who think a little something should come his way, so that he may keep it through his lifetime as a memento of a very plucky deed. Unfortunately, the Carnegie Trustees disagree. They "did not see their way to recognise" the case "as coming within the scope of the Hero Fund." We beg them to think again, and we pray that clearer cogitation may be vouchsafed them.

A Cardiff Patriot.

When recently at Barry several local residents handed us postcards which they had received from Davies' Registry, 58, Charles Street, Cardiff, Agent to the Union Castle Line to South Africa, headed "America Booming," followed by a list of sailings, with prices of passages, all bracketed together as "under U.S.A. Flag," and concluding, "no one prevented from sailing up to now—if booking at once." Needless to say, such a communication, on an open postcard, has given great offence to many men of eligible age to whom it has been addressed. Who are "Davies' Registry"—some *alias* for a German anti-recruiting agency?

A Soldier's Charmer.

Surely there was more than a touch of snobbery in the revelation of Mrs. Stuart-Wortley at the opening of a Y.M.C.A. recreation hut at Winnal Down Camp. According to Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, "a very demure young woman, niece of Lady Brassey," who had interested herself in canteen work, was engaged behind the counter of one of the huts. "Again and again she noticed a young soldier hovering about her, and at last he gave her a photograph and asked her when her next free afternoon would be." This story is headed by the paragraphist as "An Aspiring Soldier." A "demure young woman" dragged into the public light in this snobbish way may well pray to be saved from her friends and relations. The comment of a lady writing to us from Berkeley Square, who has been in France for the Y.M.C.A. for many months, is not without interest, as it is certainly not without point. "I feel honoured that two gallant soldiers (without asking my pedigree) wanted to marry me. Possibly I could produce some relation quite equal to Lady Brassey, but even if I were of royal descent I should still be proud that any gallant fellow fighting for me and for all women wanted me for his wife. To make a joke of it as Mrs. Stuart-Wortley has done is in the worst taste." That said, all is said.

Waste and Incompetence.

Not for the first time do we hear of the worst men getting the best jobs. A competent man with many special qualifications is tired of offering his services where he knows they would be of value, but his experiences have furnished him with many shining examples of waste and extravagance. He speaks of a cattle transport ship arriving in London, or a troopship coming to refit. In either case the most unnecessary work is done, at any cost. Horse board partitions are broken down and rebuilt, with here and there a new plank by way of a blind. Cartloads of wood are brought to the quay, just because it has been ordered by some official. Woodwork as good as new is broken up and replaced, and new lengths fitted where not required, about three times the necessary men are engaged on the job, and they are kept very busy in "dodging the foreman, playing cards, or having a nap!" A pretty picture of waste as the result of incompetence, isn't it?

Guarding Schroeder's Game.

When a man undertakes the duty of a special constable it is his duty to act upon his lawful instructions. In this light the fine inflicted by the Magistrates on Alfred Jarvis, a farmer of Little Missenden, Bucks, would be unobjectionable if it were not in the circumstances excessive. One of the duties upon which Jarvis was put was to guard the game preserves of Baron Schroeder—actually naturalised three days after the outbreak of war, and who has a son fighting with our enemies—and to do this he had to leave his own 1,500 pheasants unprotected. We suggest to the Chief Constable of Bucks that if Baron Schroeder wants his pheasants guarded he should be invited to guard them himself, and that Englishmen volunteering for police work should not be outraged in their patriotic sentiment by being placed on such a duty.

Coal and Christmas.

Extract from the letter of a Sheffield reader: "One old lady has been saving a penny a week to get a rabbit at Christmas; now she says that another penny has been put on coal, and she has had to stop it." It is abominable grab; and if we had our way we would make some of these coal men scuttle.

Guarded as a treasure the "John Bull" Pen.

Frightfulness at Felsted.

A retired German pork butcher, living at Felsted, has been summoned and fined £3 for assaulting a British schoolboy. The gentle German used a branch of a tree wherewith to belabour one of England's sons, inflicting a serious wound which will leave the hall-mark of Kultur on the lad's face for life. Boys will be boys. Especially British boys, thank God. And we dare-say there was a substratum of truth in the Hun's complaint that he had been subjected to annoyance by the scholars of Felsted School. But that an alien enemy in our midst should raise his hand against a young son of Old England, and spill his blood, gives us furiously to think. Frederick Moss, the convicted Hun, having made in England sufficient money to retire on, withdraws to the Eastern Counties to live. Having never taken the trouble to get himself naturalised as a British subject, he remains, an able-bodied enemy alien, in what should be a strictly prohibited area. Even though his age (62) saves him from internment, surely the authorities are guilty of a lapse of duty in permitting him to continue to abide in the Eastern Counties. It is not safe for him. Zeppelins coming over some dark night might drop a bomb on him by mistake, and we should never forgive ourselves if our retired German pork butcher, unnaturalised, and graced with the pleasing habit of chasing and thwacking British boys, should come to an untimely end. In short, Felsted should be considered too unhealthy a spot for Frederick Moss.

A Royal Hussar's Invitation.

In the course of some spirited verses called "The Shirker," Mr. C. R. Carter, of the 19th Royal Hussars, now Somewhere-in-France, has this to say: "We get old JOHN BULL in the trenches all right, And take it in turns to read when it's light, While we're trying our best to make the Huns quake, Old JOHN'S doing all that he can for our sake. So come on, old chappie, we're waiting for you, You may find it rough but we'll all pull you through, As we all fix our bay'nets and charge at the Hun, You'll think it's the Fifth of November that's come, Then after the charge when you've laid a few out, And get to their trench in high spirits, no doubt, You may find souvenirs for your girl oversea, Who will show 'em to flappers who drop in to tea." And the praise of the flappers shall be a path to glory.

A Happy Ending.

A few weeks ago we commented upon a workman's compensation case arising out of a serious accident to an Abergavenny steeplejack, employed by a man who was subsequently interned as an alien enemy. The allowance of a pound a week from the insuring company was then stopped, they being uncertain whether its continuance would not be an infringement of the laws relating to "trading with the enemy." However, we are glad to say that a recent decision of the High Court has enabled them to do justice to the unfortunate man, and we are pleased to learn that he has received a lump sum, assessed upon liberal terms, together with the whole of the costs of the proceedings. Thus there is a happy issue to an unfortunate dilemma.

Help with a Pudding.

Miss May Beeman, Organising Secretary for the Headquarters Collection Committee of the Red Cross Society, asks us to assist her appeal for funds to send Christmas puddings to troops at the Front. "Large and small donations will be gratefully acknowledged" from 10, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W. Readers who wish to give should give quickly.

"Tino" on the Borrow.

It is being carefully pointed out that the Allies advance to Greece of £1,600,000 and France's contribution to her of 20,000 tons of flour are due to "a request made by Greece" and not to an offer on the part of the Allies. We suppose this may be considered the price of keeping Greece neutral, with the appearance of "amiable" leanings towards the *Entente*. Meanwhile, let us say at once that we don't trust "Tino." In our opinion he is personally pledged to the Kaiser, and we more than suspect that he has a military and political understanding with Ferdinand, who has admittedly accorded permission to Greece to import 1,000 wagon loads of cereals from Bulgaria. The Greeks have complacently watched the fight between their greatest statesman Venizelos and their pro-Germhun King, brother-in-law of the Kaiser, and without a murmur have seen Venizelos beaten by the unconstitutional exercise of the Royal veto. In certain eventualities we would no more trust Constantine than Ferdinand. "Beware of the Greeks when they bring you gifts" is a classic taunt. "Beware of the Greeks" we would now say, "when they ask for gifts and get them."

A "Patriots' League."

At the first blush we do not much care for the activities of The Patriots' League, of Portsmouth, of which Mr. Herbert Cole is Secretary. It prints a flimsy, pink, circular-like thing, marked as No. 14, which, trafficking on the memory of Nurse Cavell, is sold by women in workshops and factories at a penny each. On the back of this leaflet, "Lady and Gentleman Patriots" are invited to send clothes, shirts, cigarettes, cheques, P.O.s and other things of value to Mr. Cole for "Our gallant Wounded." Lady and gentleman patriots are also invited to join, and "requested to add M.P.L. to their names, thus intimating they are members of The Patriots' League." Then we find that "on sale very soon" will be the "P.L." Tea, of which "Patient Women and Suffering Men will act as sellers." Here is a mixture of shoddy patriotism, false sentiment, and money-making that we consider obnoxious in its scope and offensive in its tastes.

Taxes and Tykes.

The wife of a doctor on active service points out how difficult it is for persons in her position to keep the home going on a reduced income. When a medical man leaves a good practice and is compelled to exist on his Army pay, the home feels a pinch—a pinch which might be relieved appreciably if Mr. McKenna would exempt such gentlemen from income-tax. The sum-total would not amount to much, and our lady correspondent suggests a tax on pet-dogs in its place. She tells us of a room specially engaged at a fashionable hotel, where a lady's dogs were put to bed on velvet cushions by an attendant, who wiped their noses with soft handkerchiefs. Two guineas a week was the charge for their accommodation. We wish the owner of the dogs could be attended to.

A Police Brigade.

Many policemen are anxious for the opportunity to enlist, and that opportunity will, apparently, soon be given them. We find there is a strong feeling among the men in blue that they should be banded together in a Police Battalion, or Battalions, and there can be no doubt that, if the notion be adopted, it will give a big fillip to enlistment, and will rejoice the hearts of many good fellows. 45,000 men, well trained and hardy, disciplined, drilled, and of fine physique, are ready when wanted. Just imagine the effects on the foe of their measured tread when they start on their beat in France or Flanders!

For best defence against Zeppelins see page ii of cover.

A Slur on Specials.

The modern gallery of fame extends, so far as we are aware, no recognition at present to Councillor R. J. Platten, but we urge, on his behalf, that he is entitled to a little niche, or a corner all to himself. And we would grace his rather wooden noddle with a dunce's cap, as an emblem of his ignorance. The scene of the gentleman's acquired distinction was Leighton Buzzard; the occasion, a meeting of the District Council. In the course of debate, Councillor Thomas declared, "I rise to defend the police, because I am a special constable——" whereupon Councillor Platten exclaimed, "That's no honour!" When we remember the sacrifices made by thousands of "specials" throughout the country, their loyal service at all hours and in all weathers, their devotion to duty despite age and infirmity, then we say of a man who dares to get on his hind legs in a public assembly and deny them honour, that he talks with the tongue of foolishness and betrays an ingratitude meriting nothing but contempt.

The Dog in the Manger.

Sir William Hulton, being one of those important persons called landowners, was asked by the Westhoughton Volunteers to grant the use of a little, unnoticed corner of his property for the purposes of a rifle range. Did they want it for nothing? asked the lordly Sir William. "Do they consider themselves of national service? because I do not myself. I don't think they will ever be called upon, and they will not be of very much use if they are." The volunteer, who is too old for foreign service, will certainly not be of "much use" for home service if men like Sir William Hulton sneer at him, and put difficulties in his way. The volunteer who trains himself to do his utmost is a better man than the titled nondescript who refuses the use of a field in the hour of necessity. One councillor of Westhoughton, Mr. Gleave, bluntly said the Council should grant the volunteers the use of a council site, and not go on their knees to beg. We are with Councillor Gleave in every word.

Shot v. Bullet.

An ingenious gentleman, with some knowledge of Kaffir warfare, states that the black warriors always attacked by night, and that they were defeated by the use of quick-firing shot-guns, instead of rifles. He suggests that this weapon would be most useful for trench fighting, and for repelling night attacks by Germans. The missile, he says, must be of sufficient size, so that only a few shot would be effective, "Even one shot, if fairly large, could disable a man if it hit him in a vulnerable part!". Well, we know shot does spread, but we are wondering if our correspondent is not too sanguine when he thinks quick-firing shot-guns would disable ninety per cent. of the enemy at close range. We must leave it to the experts; perhaps they will try it on the Germans.

The Wrong Job.

The patriotism of Horace Davis, of Bargoed, is not apparent. He advertises, more than once, for bricklayers and labourers. A man who applied received a postcard from "H. D.," with the printed heading, E. J. Davis and Co., Builders, Bargoed Hall, Bargoed, and on that card Mr. Horace Davis told the man, "If not over 40 you can start at once ——" at the "new buildings." If the man who received the card happened to be under forty, he would be starting at once—or sooner!—on a far more important job than Davis's building enterprise. Horace Davis, if he care to stand well in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, must alter his conditions of employment.

Photographs.

Our story of the beach photographer at Bognor has resulted in the discovery of other victims of unmerited persecution. In Brighton all photographers are forbidden to take photographs within a mile of the sea-front. This prohibition threatens absolute ruin to commercial camera-men, who may not even take the picture of a shop-front. There can be no good reason for such stringency; established and respectable men should be given permission to attend to their ordinary business under licence from the police. Amateur snapshotters are also suffering; an Edinburgh man was fined 10s. for photographing his grandfather's house. He had no knowledge that he was within a prohibited area, but his plea was not regarded. But Lord Southwark, who advanced the same plea of ignorance when caught with a camera at Aberdeen, found his story so acceptable at the police station that he was not even summoned. When we consider the hard lines dealt out to other people, we recognise how nice it is to be a peer.

Magistrate and Docker's Wife.

The Hull Magistrates, having before them another Magistrate, summoned for disobeying the lighting regulations, promptly treated him with brotherly lenience. He had been previously fined, and seven times warned, and they let him off for £2 2s. The Hull Magistrates, having on another day a record batch of lighting cases before them, fell with fury upon Elizabeth Wilkinson, "in connection with a light at her house." She had never been fined before, it was her first offence, and, so far as we are aware, she had never been warned. So they fined her £5 5s. If she does not pay, 36 days' imprisonment will purge her crime, but the gentlemen on the Bench have been good enough to grant her 28 days in which to find the money. We are afraid she will need all that time, because her husband is a casual labourer at the docks, and five guineas is a big sum to tear out of his princely wages in four weeks. Why should there be such a shocking distinction made between a poor woman and a wealthy J.P.?

"Wimbledon Tenants Protest."

With reference to the widely signed protest addressed to us of tenants in Hotham Road and Haydon's Road, Wimbledon, against the raising of their rents, Messrs. Allen and Hoar, of W. Hampstead, explain that they are not the owners of the houses but act as agents of the owners, and "have a sub-agent living on the spot." They say that "instead of nearly every tenant having someone serving at the Front," as stated in the protest, "there are but 23 having husbands or sons serving." As for the houses, they add that at one time they used to let at 10s. 6d. and 11s. a week each, the landlord paying rates and taxes and other outgoings, but owing to general depression the rents were reduced to 9s. a week and raised again to 9s. 6d. last year. How all this can be pleaded as justification for raising the rents again in this awful time of war, and thus putting financial burdens which ought to be fairly borne by the owners on the backs of the tenants, we are unable to conceive.

Our Reading.

During the past fortnight we have spent many hours in the railway train, travelling from place to place in connection with our various meetings, and when not occupied with our editorial work we have beguiled the time with two delightful literary companions, in the shape of Eugene Corri's "Thirty Years a Referee" and Alfred Capper's "A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections." You should read them.

A fortune for you this week in "Bullets."

Only a Dustman.

A dustman employed for many years by the Birmingham Corporation unfortunately got crushed between his cart and the refuse destructor. That was three years ago, and it was a long time before the man was able to get about, because his spine had been injured. He was not fitted for his old task, so the Corporation set him to work as mess-room attendant. He did all the customary tasks, except one, and that—the task of wheeling coke—was beyond his strength. But he had workmates with kind hearts, and they looked after the coke for him. However, it seems that this arrangement was objected to, for in July last the old dustman, after 36 years' service, was discharged—without compensation, pension, or allowance. He was obliged to go to the county court, and the Corporation has now been ordered to pay him 5s. a week compensation. It is poor pay for a veteran of industry, injured in the course of his employment, and Birmingham should blush for shame.

The Man, the Wife and the Daughter.

The Derby Guardians are invited to reconsider the circumstances of a family within their midst. They allow 5s. a week to an old man, invalided, and quite helpless. They used to allow his wife 3s. a week, for looking after him. The only child is a daughter, aged 19, who now earns, through bonus and overtime, between nine and twelve shillings weekly. Because of this royal rise in the daughter's fortune, the Guardians have withdrawn the mother's weekly 3s. They say the daughter ought to keep the home going on her money; failing that—a paper for the Big House, which decent people hate to inhabit. Gentlemen of the Guardians of Derby! do please restore the mother's 3s. It is not much. But it would give a family of three people (one helpless man, and two women) 18s. a week instead of 15s. Think of the figures, gentlemen, and be merciful.

Paying for Promises.

An attractive advertisement hails from "Allen, Bloomfield House, King Street, Snow Hill, London." It announces that carpenters and others "can now be registered for November for work in England and on Continent." A hopeful applicant in want of work is met with a "registration form," from which it appears that the "Registration Fees, payable by Postal Order or otherwise"—any old way will do, so long as you pay—are 5s. each for foremen and others, and 2s. 6d. each for ordinary workers. There is also this interesting N.B.—"It must not be expected that we guarantee everyone an engagement for November, but we shall endeavour to place all applicants in work as early as possible." From which it will be gathered that what a man gets for his money is a "promise" that may, or may not, materialise.

A Fine Offer.

Touched by the tale of an old lady whose six sons had fought for our country, five of them finding death on the field of honour, one of our readers, although he is forty-nine years old, wrote to the War Office and offered to take the place of that sixth boy, so that one last lad might be left to comfort his mother. He has received a letter from the War Office, thanking him for his patriotic offer, and stating:—"I have already arranged to bring this boy home to be with his mother, and I am afraid that at your age you would not be able to stand the strain of active campaign. But at the same time I admire your spirit very much, and I wish there were thousands more of the same way of thinking. Believe me, yours truly, E. Bethune." We also admire our reader's pluck and fine feelings; he is a worthy model for eligibles to copy.

Shelved.

The people of Attleborough, being British in their sense of what is fair play and what is the other thing, are feeling nettled by the treatment meted out to a popular medico. The Attleborough people, in communicating with us, make a point of saying that the medical gentleman in question has no knowledge of this protest of theirs. We can quite understand that it would be very "unprofessional" if he were to grumble, and that makes injustice all the harder. The local hospital, one of the first in the county to be opened for soldiers, has been "doctored" by Dr. Keeling, who trained the nurses and staff and devoted to it much of his time at the expense of his practice. Of course all his work has been entirely voluntary and unpaid, and about 150 wounded men have passed through his hands. Troops are now billeted in the town, and the medical man appointed at a salary to attend to them is not Dr. Keeling, who has borne the brunt of the work, but a gentleman almost new to the district. Attleborough does not like this, and we appreciate their concern. We have, unfortunately, previously had to cite cases somewhat similar.

"When the King Goes By."

We have no doubt that the true facts of the situation in the field are explained to the King by his Generals when he visits the Front. But we are by no means equally sure that he is permitted to see things as they actually are when he pays visits to munition works at home. A couple of months ago his Majesty visited a certain shell factory. The conditions he saw there were cooked for the occasion. It was desired to give him the impression that the factory was turning out munitions at express speed and working at the highest pressure. But it was not. Many of the men working there had been losing hours in enforced ease. However, to bolster up the fiction, labourers were told off to stand by idle machines and make out that they were busily occupied. Moreover, many of the shell makers remained idle during the morning so that they might have a job on hand "when the King came by"!

The Thoughtless City.

The City of London is surely thoughtless when it competes against the Army for the services of the able-bodied and eligible. Yet great gangs of men, the majority of whom would be welcome in the ranks, are employed—in Long Lane, Fore Street, and other thoroughfares—in tearing up the roadways, renewing granite setts to the pavements, and other similar tasks that are surely insignificant and worthless compared with the great task before the nation. On the baser ground of finance, it is regrettable to find thousands of pounds being thrown away on work for which there is no immediate necessity, work that might well wait for a year or two; on the higher ground of national service, such employment is little short of calamitous.

Story of a Porter.

Chapter One.—The Porter at the Dorset County Hospital, Dorchester, being a good and loyal subject, although not over young, thought it his duty to enlist. So he joined the R.A.M.C. Good man!—*Chapter Two.*—The Dorset County Hospital, Dorchester, advertises for another porter to fill the vacancy, and requires a man whose age "must not be above 40." We pass over, incidentally, the outrageous preference for a married man "without a family"—though that stipulation is disgraceful as coming from a public body. But we do beg the Hospital Committee to pause before appointing a man of military age to fill the position vacated by the good fellow who did his duty.

£1,000, £250, £100 for Football skill. See page 28.

THE TRUTH ABOUT KITCHENER.

GERMANY'S DEADLY DILEMMA—WHERE KITCHENER WENT—AND WHY HE WENT.

By The Editor.

The Kitchener shock is over—and the Empire breathes freely once more. We know now that he has not resigned—that he has simply left Whitehall for the Near East theatre of war. Months ago in these columns we predicted that as soon as things were in order at the War Office he would proceed to the front, and we have reason to believe that but for unforeseen circumstances he would have taken over the command in the West as soon as the British reinforcements had arrived. But even the delays and blunders of the past have had some advantages; they have demonstrated the fact that, even without the aid of our new men, the allied armies in France and Flanders were capable of checking any further advance of the enemy towards either Calais or Paris. And now that these men have arrived, we know—as the demonstration of September 25th and 26th proved—that, provided we care to sacrifice the necessary number of men, we have the Germans at our mercy. Therefore, things in the West can wait, and it is to the Near East that we have to transfer our attention. To the general public the change has come as a surprise. But not to Lord Kitchener. *He* knows that, as Napoleon once said, "Constantinople is the most precious of keys. In itself, it is worth a whole empire. *He who has it can rule the world.*" It was only the politicians who had forgotten that. Joffre and Kitchener know what Constantinople means. And that is why Kitchener has gone out. How long he will be away none can say. Personally, I fancy that his absence will be a fairly prolonged one; and I wish the Government would not make such a mystery about it. They really *do* try our patience very highly. Mr. Asquith had a fine opportunity at the Guildhall to take the country into his confidence; and he cannot be surprised if he finds that people read into his carefully prepared words a meaning which they *do* not possess. Do for Heaven's sake, let Ministers understand that we are grown up, and that this is *our* war—and not theirs.

Kitchener's Mission.

Mr. Asquith has told us with much pomp and ceremony that Lord Kitchener had gone to—Paris, and after that he has left us to guess our War Chief's line of route! The politicians, like Jeames de la Pluche, are never happy unless "wropped" in mystery! They are like children, who love to poke their heads round corners in the dark and cry "Boo!" hoping to convince grown-ups that there is something uncanny about. Any politician may come and go in war-time, and no one knows or cares; but the movements of such a man as Lord Kitchener cannot be kept secret, any more than can the movements of a comet across the sky. It is safe to assume that, from the hour he left the War Office to the present moment, the enemy knew them—even if they did not know his plans. Why couldn't Mr. Asquith have told us that Lord Kitchener has gone to map out a complete and exhaustive plan of campaign in the Near East—a plan to put the finishing touches upon the Germanic dream of an Eastern empire? He is going to review the whole situation—to tell the generals where and how to strike—and when. He will size up the men holding positions of responsibility on the spot; and after he has weighed them in the balance, he will confirm them in their present posts, or relegate them to subordinate ones. He has an eagle eye for a leader, as well as for a position, and it is only on a battle front that a leader's real qualifications can be gauged. Many an officer who seems sound enough when dealing with maps, a two-foot rule and a pair of compasses in quarters at home, is a sad dunce when confronted by a range of mountains or a line of marshes and quagmire held by an enemy in force. Kitchener will size up the various positions, and he will size up the officers who have to take or hold them; and it is pretty certain that he will make not a few alterations before he returns to London, though there may be no official account of the changes for some time to come.

What He Will Do.

That doesn't matter; all we want to know is that the right men are in the right jobs, and after Kitchener has paid his visits they will be—if they are obtainable. We all know what he did in South Africa during the Boer War; we know how he took the kinks out of some and lifted others from obscurity, dealing with every man upon his merits, and showing favour to none. The son of a belted earl is no more to him on the field of war than the son of a cat's meat man. He has only one criterion, and that criterion is merit. There won't be any more Suvla Bay incidents after he has made his reconnaissance of the forces. We can rest assured of that, for he is going to winnow the wheat from the chaff. It is on the cards that quite a few will come home suffering from *Kitcheneritis*, though they won't call it by that name. He is going to lock the door of the East, to prevent supplies from passing by that route to Germany, and when he has locked it he will keep it locked—for no living soldier knows the East as he knows it. He can talk its principal languages; he is saturated with its atmosphere; he knows not only how the men of the Old East act, but how they think, and he is going to do things in the Old East as well as in the Near East—big things. Why? *Because he knows that, as I have said, the*

German has shot his bolt on the Western front—knows that Britain and France are masters there when they want to move forward. *He knows the Russians have played the enemy to a standstill in the great game on their front.* He knows, in fact, that all is well with the Allies, and that all is up with our enemies. A terrible optimist, am I not? But even Mr. Balfour is becoming optimistic; whilst there was a fine flavour of confidence about the Premier's Guildhall speech. And Mr. Lloyd George must regret that little preface to the collection of his speeches, in which, a few weeks ago, he told us that Russia was a spent force, and had made her contribution to the cause of the Allies. *Germany is whacked;* and it will soon be all over bar the shouting—and the Occupation. There may be several big engagements, but they will be fights with the Germans on the run all the time—*unless they surrender*. And that is why we must have more men—in case they are wanted.

Germany's Deadly Dilemma.

Just reflect for a moment. Apart from the shortage of food to which I recently called attention, Germany has nearly exhausted the mammoth supplies of copper, corn, oil, cotton, and other essentials of war which she had stored up for so many years with such patient labour and at such prodigious cost. All that she is now getting is coming in driblets—and driblets will not suffice to supply the needs of a war like this. Everything must go into Germany in a flood, if the pressure is to be kept up, and the moment the pressure from her side ceases, the great débâcle will begin, and "*finis*" will be written on the most important page of the world's history. Let me explain why this thing is, for everything has a reason behind it. The Germans, after years of cold, careful deliberation, made up their minds that the war would not last a year; they figured that even under the most adverse circumstances it could not go on for eighteen months. Their plan was to leap right at the throat of France and throttle her before the rest of the world fully realised that war had actually commenced. They were to sweep with headlong speed right into Paris and take the city by a *coup de main*—not by siege as in 1871—and then to terrorise France into immediate subjection to their will. We know now, by what they have done in Belgium, Northern France, Poland and Serbia that, had they succeeded, they would have stuck at nothing in order to compel France to throw down her arms and submit to Teutonic dictatorship. And they very nearly did succeed. Our own war correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, who was on the spot at the time, wired: "Unless something unforeseen happens, the German guns will be playing upon the outer forts of Paris to-morrow." But something unforeseen *did* happen—the most inexplicable thing in the whole course of the war. The Germans, rolling Pariswards with apparently unconquerable might, suddenly changed their route and swept round towards the Marne. Why? No man outside the German General Staff can even guess. Still, that first step towards the Marne was the first stride towards ultimate defeat; long ago as it is, it was the beginning of the end; from that hour Germany was lost. Von Kluck's dogged stand in the trenches behind the Marne, when he saved the German army of invasion, was really the beginning of the siege of Berlin. And now the crucial moment has arrived.

The War Office.

But what about the War Office, you ask? What is to happen to that during Lord Kitchener's absence? Well, let us see. Ever since the days of the Crimean War the War Office has been attacked, and rightly attacked, on all hands, as the hot-bed of nepotism—a Home of Rest for place-hunters and parasites. And at last Kitchener came and cleaned it out. For years I pleaded for his appointment, but the "pacificists" refused to allow it. They were afraid; they were afraid of annoying Germany by putting in the one man of whom Germany was afraid. The result was that, when he did come, he had to start with a terrible handicap. He had to build up in fifteen months the great machine on the construction of which he should have spent the last fifteen years. For Germany has been marching on Constantinople, not for fifteen days, but for fifteen years. Well, who but a Kitchener would have taken on the job? Who would have had the pluck to tell the country at once that he wanted a million men to start with? *And on the day he told us that, this war was won.* We found the men and we had found the Man. By the magic of his name alone, he called up vast armies—and the machinery to direct them is there. All that the mechanics have to do is to press the button; the organisation at home is complete—*and what we now want is great leadership in the field.*

Kitchener's Task.

And that is why Kitchener has gone. *He has gone to finish the job.* All the great empires of the world have risen or fallen in the territory which comprises Kitchener's present tour. It is at once the cradle and the death-bed of the world. It was the beginning of the end of Napoleon; and it will be the beginning of the end of the Kaiser—when Kitchener defeats him in the Balkans. To Kitchener has fallen the greatest task ever given to any man in the world—the task of destroying the tyranny of the last military empire the world will ever see; and in accomplishing this feat, in the evening of his days, he will secure for himself a niche in history co-equal with that of Nelson. That he will succeed is not in doubt. In this, his last campaign, he will have the co-operation of the British Navy—and sea-power is supreme. It may have appeared to the Kaiser a magnificent idea to have a continuous railway through the Balkans and Constantinople to Persia and India; but he forgot that British sea-power holds each end of the line, and that it can also snap it in the middle.

The very presence of Kitchener in the Balkans will automatically change the whole situation; and I can understand how eagerly the Kaiser is endeavouring to arrange a conference with the Kings of Greece and Roumania. *But it will make no difference.*

Kitchener Has Gone To Finish It

So join the Army to-day.
Be there when Kitchener wins!

GOD AND THE GOLDEN CALF.

THE WORLD'S WEALTH BLOWN OUT OF THE GUNS—THE NEW ERA.

By A. G. Hales.

The thing a man sows, that shall he also reap. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations; the law of compensation crowns all effort, good or bad. On no other basis could the world continue to exist. A world governed solely by pity would weep itself to shreds; a universe ruled by vengeance would tear itself to tatters; the governing principle of all created things is compensation. A nation that in the aggregate sets its feet in evil paths will in the fullness of time have its teeth set on edge by the very things it has most desired; just as a wanton woman, casting decency and purity on one side in a mad desire for a whirlwind of pleasure, dies prematurely of disease and decay, so nations wither and fade, or are wiped out until the places that knew them know them no more for ever. There is no such thing as chance; a mote of dust does not rise from the ground except in obedience to some well-defined law of control; the life of a nation or an individual is as amenable to a fixed law or principle as the mote of dust swimming in a sunbeam's rays; nothing happens that is not the working out of a cause, be it the passing of a people, or the falling of an acorn. And over and above all is the Power we call God—the Power which regulates and sets in motion every force, seen and unseen, known and unknown in and above the skies, on and beneath the earth, and in the spaces between earth and sky.

God and this World War.

God is dead, cries the fool, else why this carnival of sorrow that is shaking the earth to its outposts? Why is the red rain falling on the mountain-tops and in the valleys below? Why is the strong man stricken? Why is the mangled body of the boy in the bloom of his boyhood's beauty given to the kites? Why is Rachel mourning for her children with bruised and broken heart that will not be comforted? Why? Because God is dead, cries the fool, purblind in his folly. God is *not* dead. The bloody slaughter that is devastating whole peoples and holding civilisation by the throat is but the working of a natural law. Man is reaping as he has sown. If ye sow bayonets, ye shall reap blood. God gave humanity the intelligence and the power to prevent these evil things, and mankind in the bulk refused to shoulder the responsibility in the days of peace and prosperity. The white world saw a river of crime swelling to its flood, and made no effort to prevent the evil; the responsibility rests with man, not with God. Nay, God is not dead; He neither sleeps nor slumbers. It was the soul of the world that slept, gorged to repletion, at the feet of the golden calf. In time of drought a congenital idiot sits upon a fence and prays for rain, whilst his flocks and herds perish. I have seen him do it. The man who realises that the living God has created every human being master of his own destiny, digs a water-hole ere the rains come, *and helps the God who helps him*—for in all things man can be a co-partner with his Creator. Man could have prevented this war if, at the outset of the piling up of mammoth armaments, mankind had called: "Halt; so far canst thou go and no further!" Why, then, throw the onus of our own inertia upon our Creator? We have sown sorrow; we must eat of the bread of tears—it is man's hand that is striking man, not the hand of our Maker. Ours be the blame, for the whole of the white races are blameworthy; there was no need to pile up implements of slaughter, and the sons of women the world over should have combined at the commencement and trodden into the dust the faces of those who were preparing the Armageddon. God has planted in every heart the instinct of self-preservation. Had the white world been true to that instinct, we would not to-day be giving the flower of the earth to the grinning guns; the soul of the world would not be sobbing over martyred innocence. He who sits enthroned in the silent chambers of eternal space has not hidden His face from us; we have turned our eyes from Him, and in every tongue, in every clime, man has bent the knee to the golden calf.

"Why Was My Best Beloved Butchered?"

That bitter cry has gone up from millions of tortured hearts during the year that has passed, heavy-footed with pain and woe, dismal with weeping. Why did *you* not take a deeper interest in the well-being of your own nation, long ere the growling of the guns made earth a hell? Why did *you* centre all your thoughts on your own personal prosperity? Why did *you* not realise the duties of citizenship whilst there was yet time? Why do *you* make a mock of God for faults that were all your own? *Yours* was the power. Not one is guiltless. They who did a little might have done more; they who did nothing must now drink from the chalice of unending regrets. The days of the sower are over; the reaper is here. Your duty in the past was to have seen that only strong, true men were placed by you in power—men who had high ideals and noble aims, men who were more keen about the nation's honour than about the national aggrandisement; men of strong, stern mould, fearing nothing; men not easily lured by the bubble reputation; men lion-like in their wrath and godlike in their rectitude. You did not bother overmuch about these things whilst you were waxing fat. You cast your votes carelessly, regarding only partisan cries and shibboleths. Yet you had been given the high intelligence to weigh public men in the balance, if you had only cared; but you did not care—and therein lies the answer to your query: "Why was my loved one butchered?" God did not do this thing. *You* made it possible, and it was so. When the war is over, millions of men of all breeds who have fought and suffered will take a deeper interest in the government of their countries; *they* will do the thinking, as they are doing the fighting, and the whole earth will be purer and stronger; they will see to it that half the wealth, hard-earned, shall not go in instruments of war to further the besotted ambitions of a few. When German power has passed like a nightmare dream; when her devilish brood have gone like chaff before the flail of the Lord; when peace comes like a bride to her bridal, the white races are going to begin the new era, the era of spiritual power on earth. Not religion as we knew it of old, but the simple religion of manliness that will be part of the daily life, apart from ritual, pomp or ceremony. The sufferers will have seen the best part of the wealth the world accumulated in the worship of the golden calf, blown into smoke from myriad guns—and the lesson will not be thrown away, for within the sweep of the seven seas the sons of men will have been purged and purified by fire. Even America, that is now sucking up blood and gold from every quarter, will have to pay the price; what she has made out of guns will go out of guns ere the world's peace comes and the golden calf is broken.

A WAR OFFICE MYSTERY.

A PLAGUE ON THE POLITICIANS—THE SUPREME NEED.

By Charles Brett.

The trouble in writing about the war is to know where to begin. Of course, if one is a "military expert" the thing is dead easy, but, perfect as is my ignorance of strategic problems, I cannot lay claim to the complete vacuity of mind which this popular *rôle* appears to demand. At the risk of disappointing my readers, I am bound to say that I have no advice to tender to Lord Kitchener, or to Sir John French, or even to the Board of Admiralty. Now that I have set this down in cold print, I feel horribly cheap about the business, but there it is, and like the illustrious predecessor of President Woodrow Wilson, I cannot tell a lie. I must be candid—I do not know how Warsaw could have been saved. I have no plans for the capture of Constantinople. I have no recipe for "digging the rats out of their holes," or for breaking down the German resistance in the West. I retain the primitive belief that war is the business of soldiers and of sailors, and that it is plain commonsense to leave them to settle this fighting job in their own fashion. I have said this before, and I shall say it again as often as the Editor will let me. It may be a poor notion, but it's my own.

The Worth of Words.

In justice to myself, however, I am bound to say that there are a few things in this puzzling world that I know a little about, and one of them is talking. I am at home with words. They are the material of my trade. And words are a mighty power in the modern world. Spun into speeches they sway assemblies, make or mar the careers of politicians, and mould the policy of Cabinets. Strung into articles, they shape public opinion, and focus the unspoken thought of a silent people. I have no patience with the man who turns up his nose at a good speech. To me, the speech of the Prime Minister the other day, for instance, was a thing of beauty and of joy. It was a great speech. It occupied nearly two hours in delivery. It was beautifully composed. Its words were winged with rhythmic charm. Technically, it was perfect. It contained not a single broken sentence, and not one split infinitive. To complain of the speech of the Prime Minister, as some writers have done, that it did not help forward the war, is to betray a curious misconception of how wars are waged and won. As well grumble that going to the theatre won't pay the rent, or that regular attendance at chapel won't stop the tap from leaking. Of course, the speech of the Prime Minister had no military value, nor, as far as I am aware, had it any agricultural virtue, or any arresting influence upon the rapidly declining birth-rate. But these circumstances cannot detract from the charm of beauteous words. Words—used as the Prime Minister can use them—are delightful, inspiring, sublime. But they won't win wars.

Wanted, a Man of War.

I am therefore at a loss to know why, shortly after his great rhetorical display, the Prime Minister should have gone down to the War Office to take the place of Lord Kitchener. It may be all right, but I don't understand it. I have a great admiration for Mr. Asquith. It is pretty sure to leak out somewhere, and I may as well frankly confess it. I admire Mr. Asquith. At the Bar he was a distinct success. Even now, he would make an excellent Lord Chancellor. He is a consummate Parliamentary tactician. He is a polished orator, and his scholarship is wide and deep. At present, he is said to be beguiling his leisure with the translation of Mr. Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" into classical Greek. Before such accomplishments as these, I prostrate myself in vermicular humility. But when I see Mr. Asquith striding down to the War Office, I am inclined to forget these things. They no longer count. The man who is at the head of the War Office is in charge of the war, or ought to be; and the man in charge of the war should be a man of war. If it was necessary for Lord Kitchener to go to the East, his place should have been taken by another soldier, and not by an elderly barrister. I would as soon think of sending for a dentist to sole my shoes, or for a plumber when measles are in the house.

A Mixed Committee.

It is a queer thing that this ghastly business of war is about the only important job going that we habitually entrust to amateurs. We are now to have a special War Committee, which is to assume the direction of our military and naval campaign, and this Committee is apparently to consist of a barrister, two solicitors, a metaphysician and a merchant, with the addition of Lord Kitchener, to save their faces. If I were a German I should explode in laughter; but, as a patriotic Britisher, I am merely sad. At the risk of incurring the scorn of the Premier, I am inclined to "whimper." I am oppressed by the pitiful fatuity of it all. I might smile as serenely as Mr. Asquith if only I could keep the casualty lists out of mind. They haunt me. Even as I read the great speech of the Prime Minister they kept coming between my eyes and the printed page, marring the æsthetic pleasure which otherwise I felt. I kept thinking of that bloody shambles in the Gallipoli peninsula, and as I read I learned that the Dardanelles campaign was undertaken upon "other than military considerations," and also against the advice of the Government's own chief naval adviser. The idea of a professional sailor poking his nose into questions of naval strategy was altogether too much for the mandarins of Downing Street. To the inestimable loss of the nation, Lord Fisher left Whitehall, and for one secret of this sort that has been revealed, a score may remain hidden. Bit by bit, we are getting to know the truth. There is no General Staff at the Ministry of War. There never has been. Quite recently General Joffre came over from France to look for it, and was directed to Downing Street.

A Free Hand for the Fighters.

Lord Kitchener has been "sent" to the Balkans, presumably by the politicians, although I would rather believe that the movements of the War Minister were dictated by his own sense of the requirements of his position, and that the politicians had been sent to Jericho. If this war is to be swiftly won, the Council of War must be a council of warriors. If the cost of victory is to be less than the cost of defeat, the amateurs must be called off. War is not a parlour game. It is a bloody, brutal business; and the more ruthlessly it is waged, the sooner it will be over. I would give the professional fighters a free hand, and ask no questions. I don't think the Huns are a bit frightened when Mr. Asquith steps down to Whitehall, but I believe the announcement that Lord Kitchener would henceforth have a free hand, and that Lord Fisher would be recalled to the Admiralty and armed with plenary authority, would send a cold shiver down every German spine. I fancy even the rats in their holes would feel a draught in their tails.

"DOPE" MEANS DISASTER.

MOBILISE THE PRESS—NO "DOCTORED" NEWS.

By W. Holt-White.

The plain words of Lord Milner, the other day, are a terrible indictment of the Censorship.

Mr. Asquith lifted only a little corner of the veil which hides many of this war's mysteries, but even the tiny peep he allowed us was sufficient to make us understand how many and how great are the difficulties which the Government have had to face. But why in the name of commonsense didn't they tell us before? And why don't they tell us more now?

Our Doctored News.

We are never so cheerily determined as when news is bad. That is why we are tired of being driven in "blinkers."

No one but a lunatic or a traitor desires the publication of news likely to be of use to the enemy, but it is sheer nonsense to say that we should not be allowed to read what has been published in France, in Russia or in any of the neutral countries. No British Government on earth can prevent *that* going back to Berlin.

Take the case of the *coup* in the Balkans. That staggered the people here, and yet there was not a country in the world outside this secret isle which did not know it was coming. It was known in practically every newspaper office in London, but the editors were ordered to be silent. Dr. E. J. Dillon, one of the greatest writers on international politics in the world, has revealed the fact that he knew of a draft treaty between Bulgaria and Turkey as long ago as 1914, and that he had known *at first hand* that Ferdinand was bound to the Kaiser for months before different Governments discovered it. *Since last winter* he has sent to London articles and telegrams amounting to 70,000 or 80,000 words—the length of a novel—warning us of the peril. The Censor suppressed them all!

Through all those valuable months the German press had been allowed to boast and bluster and threaten the Balkan States. The German wireless press was flooding the world with every conceivable and inconceivable lie. But our own press—the one press which could have put matters in their true light, which at any rate could have made clear that we should stand by Serbia to the last, even if we had to fight the rest of the Balkans—was not allowed to speak.

The "position was too delicate for discussion"—by us. Yet it was being discussed at top speed by the rest of the world! What a fatuous farce.

The silence of our press allowed the world to suppose that we should tamely consent to the overwhelming of Serbia. And it is only now, when we are faced with the dire results of that silence, that the Government has promised reform of the Press Bureau.

Mobilise the Pen.

Those reforms must be drastic. The Press Bureau needs complete reconstitution and, to do the job as it should be done, the Government must call in the press. The men who are needed to put things right are the editors of great newspapers. They must understand the real spirit and temper of the public, the nation, or they cease automatically to be editors; and their success is in proportion to their wisdom. There should be a committee of editors to decide what the country should be told.

Quite apart from that, however, there must be a broad constructive policy. The Editors' Committee must arrange for the dignified presentation of the British case to the world. Further, it must knock every German lie on the head.

The pen must be mobilised to fight for truth. "Dope" means disaster, and we must have no more of it.

CARRY ON!

ROUSE THE LATENT RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE RACE.

By Norman Tiptaft

It seems to me that the most useful thing any sane well-wisher of his fellow men can do is—without being blind to the mistakes that have been made, the things undone that should have been done, and the things done that had better have been left undone—to try to restore the confidence of the ordinary Man in the Street in himself—in his own capacity, his own courage, his own instinctive fighting qualities, his native brains and brawn.

If things are black to-day, they were a good deal worse a hundred years ago—and we came through. They were worse still five hundred years since, and the race survived. The history of these islands is not one of peaceful progress, but one of struggle and suffering. Britain has been invaded, has suffered from plague, fire, famine—and has carried on. Has carried on without one tithe of its present resources, and against far heavier odds than it is facing to-day. Has carried on with a fool on the throne, with cravens and cowards in Parliament, with foes on its borders and revolution and sedition within; and is to-day richer, stronger and more able to carry on than at any time in its history.

The "All Is Lost" League.

The next time you meet a member of the "All Is Lost" League, just remind him of these things. Don't argue with him about the Government—he has a list of their failures on the tip of his tongue; don't defend the Dardanelles—if you do, you are just asking for trouble. Grant him all the mistakes and blunders of diplomacy without a query, and then swat him heavy with the appeal to facts which are not in dispute.

You see, it is rather a different sort of proposition from what he is used to. I do not argue at all for waste, or inefficiency, or muddle; I do not believe that our Government is the best we might have by a long way; I do not think our methods are nearly as up-to-date as they ought to be—but I do believe that the ordinary Briton, who has made and unmade Governments in the past, who has conquered his enemies from the Equator to the Poles, who has transformed the world's deserts into gardens, who has fought against odds of every kind and won, and who is to-day stronger, better equipped and more capable than he ever was—I believe that he can still, when he definitely makes up his mind to do a job, do it.

And whatever the politicians or the diplomats may think, the mind of the ordinary man is made up *now*.

Control the "Control Committee."

War is very terrible, very wrong, very unnecessary. In times of peace, one could listen with interest to such societies as the Union of Democratic Control or the No-Conscription Fellowship, and agree with many of the things they say—*in times of peace.*

To-day, the Man in the Street does not listen patiently. He does not listen patiently to the politicians, he does not listen patiently to the Church, he does not listen patiently to the grouser. He has ears only for the sound of guns and the tramp of armed men.

It has taken fifteen months to wake him up, but he is awake to-day and, once roused, there is no power on earth or under it will calm him till the task he has taken in hand is accomplished.

We shall win—not easily, nor lightly, nor soon, but eventually—because *we will it*, and what we *will* to do, that we can.

Carry On!

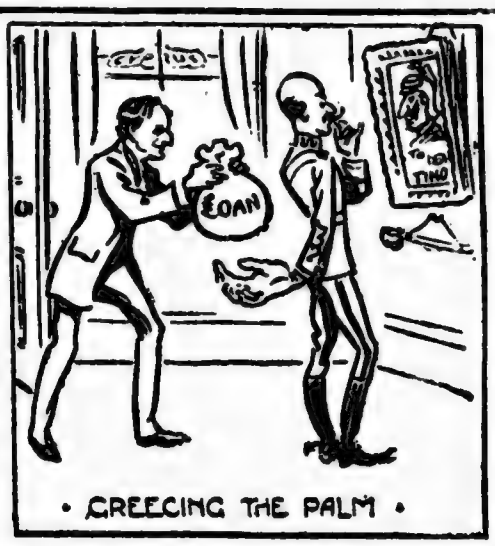
'Everywoman's Weekly offers £100 in new Competition.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

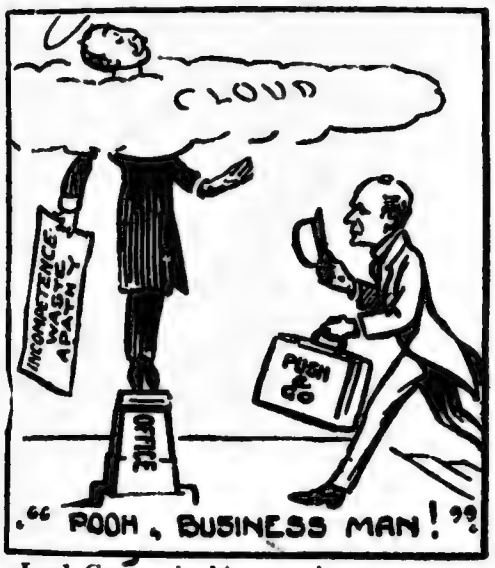
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The advent of Lord Kitchener
In the Near East will cause a stir;
His strategy and forceful work
Will soon confound the Hun and Turk

Asquith again presents the bill,
And warns there will be others still:
John Bull, in his accustomed way,
Grumbles—and then prepares to pay.

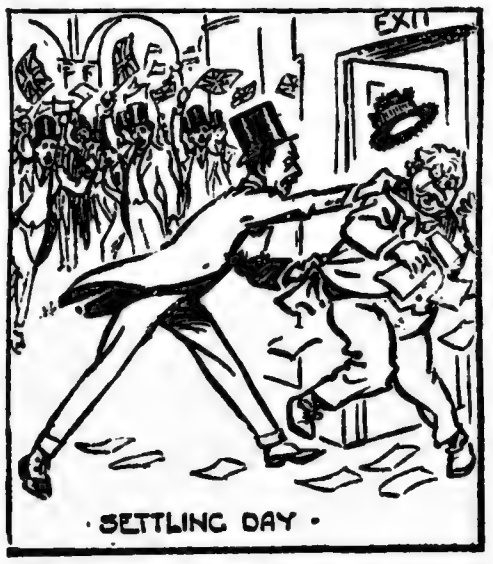


"Tino" refuses Greece's aid
To the Allies in the Crusade.
But has not quite so foolish grown
As to refuse the Allies' loan.



Lord Crewe, in his superior way,
Scorned business men the other day;
But none the less, the nation's bent
On having Business Government.

If Yankeeland expects that we
Will loose our grip upon the sea
It's doomed to disappointment, for
Britannia's out to win the war!



Much as stockbrokers may desire
Hun members of the 'Change to "fire,"
It may not easily be done—
The law's so tender with the Hun.

MUNITION MURMURS.

A GROWL FROM THE FACTORY LINE.

Owing to the shortage of suitable houses in the Newcastle district, many of the Elswick men have had to establish themselves at a distance. A correspondent has thus taken up his abode at Cullercoats, some fourteen miles from his place of employment. From here he is permitted to travel at reduced fares by workmen's train, but he complains that the service is so inadequate that 52 minutes is the time consumed by the fourteen miles' journey by rail. This means that he has to get up at 4.15 a.m. to reach the works by 6, and even then there is a risk of further delay, involving loss of time. In the evening matters are still worse, and our friend estimates that, to get through a 9½ hours' working day, he is compelled, on the average, to spend nearly 11 hours away from home. Upon a recent occasion he "took the law into his own hands," by jumping into a train which was not reserved for workmen, and in due course received from the Passenger Manager of the North Eastern line a demand for eightpence.

This demand, though courteously framed—coupled with the failure of the Company adequately to study the requirements of the Elswick workers—has prompted the recipient to bitter reflections. We venture to hope however, that matters may by this time have been mended. The Government control of the railways should have obviated difficulties of this kind.

MARRIED MEN FIRST.

There was one willing married man,
  In argument immersed,
And he said, "I deplore the plan,
  That single men go first;
I've said that I am ready, so
  It's unfair, to my mind,
That bachelors be made to go
  While I am left behind."

The man who had recruited him
  Endeavoured to make plain
The merits of the question, but
  His efforts were in vain;
He argued it was only fair
  That "fetch-mes" should be sped,
The man without a wife or child
  Could best be spared, he said.

And still the married man was glum,
  "I want to go," said he,
"And, when you take the singles first,
  It is not fair to me;
You say I should be glad to stay
  At home, apart from strife,
But that's why I cry, Take me quick!—
  Because I've got a wife!"

RICHARD MORTON

A friend in need is a friend indeed. See page ii of cover.

AFTER THE "ELLESSDEE."

THE EASY PICTURE PUZZLE WHEEZE.

Readers interested in *bona-fide* newspaper competitions may have had their attention directed to advertisements lately appearing in provincial and suburban journals, relating to an "easy skill contest," promoted by the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company (Room 46), 1, Great New Street, London, E.C. In a style which has become familiar, the public are offered "£100 free" for the successful solution of three alleged puzzles of so absurdly easy a kind as to be within the capacity of any intelligent child. For example, in the first, "Belfast" is represented by the picture of a bell and the word "fast," while in another a sketch of a tumbler and the syllable "gow" is made to stand for "Glasgow." At child's play of this sort, every "competitor" is, of course, "successful," and if the first and second "cash prizes" of £75 and £25 are to be divided among the entrants, the smallest coin of the realm will probably suffice for each individual's share. The distribution of the prize money, however, is to come later on, there being certain "conditions" which must precede the final awards. In this relation, each successful correspondent has been treated to a "strictly private and confidential" communication from the "Competition Adjudication Department" of the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company, in which the aim and purport of the pretty scheme are more fully revealed. It seems that "Ellessdee" is the attractive title of a "great weekly Competition Journal," shortly to be launched with the object of affording expert guidance to competitors in the "gigantic literary and picture puzzle competitions" organised by JOHN BULL and other weekly journals. After some amount of introductory palaver, the Competition Editor gets down to business in the following terms:—

> The condition mentioned in our advertisement is indeed simple. It applies to winners only, and all you have to do is to obtain a six weeks' subscriber for our wonderful weekly newspaper, "Ellessdee." The fee is 3s. 6d. for six weeks' issues, post free.

At length the murder is out. If you like, you are "at liberty" to pay up the 3s. 6d. yourself and thus save all further trouble, but in any case the six weeks' subscription is payable at once, although, as we have said, the final result of the "competition" cannot be announced "until the end of the contest." Indeed, successful entrants are left in a state of harrowing suspense, uncertain whether they will be ultimately entitled to a prize of £75 or £25, or merely to a £5 cash award. Meanwhile, a City reader who paid a visit to 1, Great New Street, found little ground for extravagant expectations. He writes:—

> Out of curiosity I took the trouble to visit these people at 1, Great New Street. After a little difficulty I found their name in very small lettering on the door of a small ham and beef shop. The proprietor came to the door and I asked him if this was the office of the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company. He answered me that they had gone.

As a result of independent investigation we are able to state that the offices of the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company consisted of one small bedroom, rented for a couple of months at six shillings a week. At the date of our inquiry the "Company," consisting of one man, had not been seen or heard of for a fortnight. During his stay at Great New Street, he had received daily a great number of letters, the last batch of which were returned to the Post Office. Having netted a sufficient number of three-and-sixpenny postal orders, this enterprising gentleman has perhaps moved to more commodious lodgings, whence he may contemplate further raids upon the pockers of a credulous public.

One girl who sent the 3s. 6d. was fortunate enough to get a pamphlet, marked "price sixpence," and a penny necklace. Although she had to work hard for the money, perhaps the experience acquired may be worth the outlay.

It would be hard to devise a more fitting comment upon the whole affair than that contained in one of the "Ellessdee" circulars; "In view of the dishonest tricks worked on the public at various times under the guise of competitions, we specially caution you against dealing with similar concerns"!

WHERE ARE WE?

GOVERNMENT SANCTIONS TRADING WITH ENEMY.

To say that trading with the enemy has been wholly forbidden by Parliament is to over-state the case. In practice, it depends on various considerations—and in particular upon the attitude of the Board of Trade. In certain cases the Board will grant a licence to British traders, authorising them to maintain commercial relations with German or Austrian houses, this official permit affording complete immunity from proceedings under the Act. In all such cases, the presumption is, that if the Act were maintained in full force, harm would be done to vital British interests; but the Board of Trade is—the Board of Trade, and in some recent instances it has been hard to fathom the operations of the official mind. For example, in December of last year a licence was granted to the British Syphon Company, of Islington, authorising the continued importation of glass vases of Austrian make for conversion into the syphon bottles in which mineral waters are commonly sold. It seems that this branch of manufacture has hitherto been largely in enemy hands, although the possibility of maintaining the industry in this country, without recourse to Germany or Austria, has more than once been canvassed by the trade. To the lay mind, the war would seem to have afforded an excellent opportunity for experiments in this direction, for, when all is said, the syphon bottle is not an indispensable adjunct of the mineral water business, various serviceable substitutes being available. Unfortunately, however, the action of the Board of Trade has had the dual effect of stereotyping the existing mode of manufacture from Austrian vases, and conferring a virtual monopoly of the business upon the British Syphon Company. At least one rival manufacturer has already been informed that should he attempt to import Austrian vases, he will be liable to prosecution, his application for a licence to do so having been summarily refused. Glancing at the personnel of the British Syphon Company, we are not impressed by the aptness of its title, and we are at a loss to know why it should have exceptional privileges.

READ THIS, DOO!

MEAN THREAT TO A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Miss E. Doo, of 38, Upper Bedford Place, W.C., seems to be the Secretary or Agent of the Paddington Houses Association, a Company registered at Somerset House, the owners of small tenements in some parts of London. Not long ago we received a complaint from the wife of a soldier, who had rented a cottage from the Association, and, in the absence of her husband, had found it difficult to keep her rent regularly paid. The poor woman applied to us in considerable distress, having just been served with a "Notice to Quit," embellished with a peculiarly mean threat, which seems to have been the personal handiwork of Miss Doo. This lady had written:—

> I am very angry about the rent you owe. If you do not pay up at least 7s. 6d. of your back rent on Saturday, I shall go to your employer.

The sum claimed was £1 1s. 6d., but, upon investigation, we were unable to accept this figure as the amount due. Reluctant as we were to hold communication with a woman who could use such language to the wife of a soldier, we, however, invited Miss Doo to re-state her demands, and to look to us for payment. Meanwhile, we suggest to her that in future communications with the tenants of her Association, she should keep her observations within decent bounds. It may not be within her province to extend clemency to persons in arrears, but she is not paid to insult people, nor is she called upon to proclaim her "anger" upon any such trivial pretext. From the particulars at Somerset House, it appears that the affairs of the Association are pretty much in the hands of the gentler sex, and we pay these ladies the compliment of assuming that they would severely deprecate such behaviour to the wives of soldiers, Miss Doo having doubtless acted upon her own responsibility. A trip to Belgium might mend her manners.

There are 5,000 prizes in "Bullets" this week.

PLUNDER AND BREAD.

HOW THE PROFITEERS MAINTAIN PRICES.

Whatever else the Government have or have not done, they certainly haven't done much more than nothing to stop the continued plundering of the British consumer. Every day it is growing worse, and in spite of the belated explanations of Ministers and the false pretences of exploiters, nothing can disguise the fact that a large part of the inflated prices of the necessaries of life in this country since the war is the result of artificial conditions fostered by unconscionable conspiracies. For the moment let us shed a little more light upon our dear old friend the four-pound loaf. "Mr. C. F. Finch," Secretary of the London Master Bakers' Society, announced the *Star* of November 2nd, "informed a London News Agency representative to-day that in view of the increase in the price of flour the large bread companies have decided that the four-pound or quartern loaf should be raised to 8½d. on and after Monday next. This example," he added, "would be followed by the various local associations, so that the rise in London will be general." And now let us turn to a letter which Messrs. J. and H. Robinson, Flour Millers, Deptford Bridge Mills, Greenwich, have addressed to one of their customers. "With reference to the conversation you had with the writer on the telephone this evening with respect to the delivery of your flour, we regret we are unable to deliver whilst we continue to receive complaints that you are underselling the district by ½d. a quartern. . . . We are extremely sorry to have to adopt this attitude, but we have received several complaints from some of our other good customers in your neighbourhood about our sending you flour whilst you are underselling." Finally, we give the covering letter, which is sent to us with the enclosure by a retail baker. "The enclosed typed letter was addressed to my wholesale baker," says he, adding, "I am a general shopkeeper trying to meet these hard times by serving my customers with a cheap loaf, and as the people fetch it I consider I am not working for less wages than the Christian English bakers, who ought to show a little more patriotism, like other trades, and not rob the fatherless children, of whom there are several in the vicinity, of a slice of bread." Here you have the usual form of the ramp and the ring. A little baker who wishes to give the public cheap bread is not allowed to do so, or is at least hampered in doing so, because the millers refuse to supply the flour to the wholesaler!

GLITTERING GUILE.

A CAUTION TO COUNTRY COUSINS.

One of our readers, being interested in our revelation regarding some flashy "jewellers" of Oxford Street, took a stroll along that thoroughfare and passed a few thoughtful moments in scanning the window display at certain premises. The results are interesting. He observed a tray containing a number of "Solid Gold Shell Cameo" brooches, marked apparently at a uniform price. Closer inspection detected the word "from" adjacent to the figures, but made to look rather like an ornamental scroll. And then he wondered just what a "Solid Gold Shell Cameo" brooch exactly is. He hoped it might be a solid gold article with a shell cameo—but it isn't. It is a cheap metal affair with a "shell," or thin coating, of gold. After settling that question, his gaze wandered to a card from which were hanging some watch-chains, described as being "Solid Gold Design Alberts," and they were awfully cheap, too, for solid gold. But as the price of a solid gold design—whatever may be the meaning of that new discovery in metallurgy—they were horribly dear. His eagle eye next alighted upon another tray, containing "Solid Gold Hall-marked" wristlet watches, ticketed at about 25s. each. They looked like real bargains—until he saw the word, "Rolled," in tiny characters squeezed among the large letters. How came "solid-gold-rolled" to be hall-marked? To a 'cute man like our reader such traps are merely an amusement; but the unwary and simple-minded are easily caught by them.

A CRANK COLLEGE.

DEGREE OF "DOCTOR" FOR FIVE DOLLARS DOWN.

One of those remarkable American "Colleges" that educate you in anything, for a fee, and grant you one of their pretty "diplomas," for a fee, is an institution that hangs out at 81, W. Randolph Street, Chicago, and calls itself the American College of Mechano-Therapy. Apparently it will teach you Mechano, as well as Therapy, and will throw in Osteopathy, and also Chiropractic, all for one inclusive fee. It is your money they need in Chicago, and you must send it quickly, within fifteen days, or you are a "goner." One hundred dollars is the usual price, so they say, but they will do it now for 62 dollars, and some odd cents, if you hurry up. If you get a move on, and—as they put it in elegant, scientific terms—"decide the matter *right-now-to-day—this very hour*," they will likewise, with "downright out-and-out liberality," include a Complete Outfit of Instruments, Charts and Scientific Books, Absolutely Free! They are Given Away, mind you, these instruments, from a Plexímeter to a Tongue Depressor—but it is not the American tongue that is depressed. The letter, which reads like the speech of a cheap-jack at a Dutch auction, is signed by the "Dean" of the "College." Some of his expressions are weirdly reminiscent of the language in the Yankee "crook" plays recently translated to our stage.

We are inclined to question the *bona-fides* of a College that offers a "degree" to anybody on earth who will take a "correspondence course" and pay sixty dollars, five dollars down, and five monthly afterwards. For that, "the title of Doctor of Mechano-Therapy will be yours immediately." There is even a guarantee to supply you with letters, after you become a "doctor," so that you may "fully understand and skilfully practise." It is a strange College that offers to teach you after you have passed! Anyway, if you send five dollars down, you will soon be earning "10,000 dollars a year" as a Doctor of Mechano, also of Therapy, likewise Osteopathy, with a dash of Chiropractic. To match the American slang with a phrase of our own—we *don't* think!

THE EXPLOITS OF AN ENLARGER.

PERIPATETIC PHOTOGRAPHER'S PIE-CRUST PROMISES.

Burgess Hill, in Sussex, received the attentions, some months ago, of a gentleman in the photographic line, and a number of the inhabitants fell victim to his blandishments. He presented a card bearing the name and address of the "International Art Schools, 44, Middle Street, Brighton; Mr. G. Pascal," and expressed his wish to enlarge photographs belonging to people he called upon. Further than that, and better than that, this benevolent visitor desired no remuneration for his services; his works of art would be executed free of cost. But he certainly did expect that to him should be entrusted the framing of those enlargements, and so he produced his price-list of frames, and drew his payment in advance, the usual amount being 6s. 6d. for each frame. We have seen some of the receipts he gave, and we noted a little peculiarity—for some of them are signed "C. Phillips and Co.," while others bear the words "C. Pascal and Co."

The fact remains that people who paid money down for their frames are still waiting for them. Mr. "Phillips-Pascal" did call at some houses when last seen, and did make certain promises—for he is a good "promiser"—to the effect that the framed pictures would duly arrive. But, as he had to catch a train, he had sent them by a van; the said van was already making its round, and would turn up almost at once. And so the worthy gentleman departed, leaving hope behind him—and precious little else. All this was many weeks ago, and the van has not yet arrived at those houses where its visits are so long overdue. Mr. "Pascal-Phillips" may have returned to Brighton, or he may be offering his services in fresh fields and to victims new.

It's sweet, it's neat, it's a treat, the "John Bull" Pen.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, M.P.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I welcome your emphatic assurance that Great Britain "has never threatened to retire from the fight," and that the ultimate conditions of peace must accord with the repeated declarations of the Prime Minister that "the military power of Prussia shall be finally crushed." Any lesser determination would be treason to the patriotism of the British race, and a gross betrayal of our honoured dead. In the hour of reckoning it will go hard with any group or individual who shall attempt to baulk the righteous anger of a free people. To the uttermost, we will repay.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane of Cloan.

MY LORD,—There is evidence of a desire in certain quarters to procure your reinstatement in high office, and I am therefore constrained to pass you a friendly word. For reasons which I need not recapitulate, you have forfeited the confidence of the nation. The public demand for your retirement was clear and unmistakable, and by a large section of the British people, both at home and overseas, you are still regarded with grave doubts. In these circumstances, and in the present posture of international affairs, there is no room for you in Whitehall, nor will there be until we have finally squared our grim account with your "spiritual home." I speak bluntly, and for the best of reasons. Candidly, we do not want you. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Murray of Elibank.

DEAR LORD MURRAY,—I am glad to learn that your valuable services are to be placed at the disposal of the nation, and that, henceforth, you will work in close association with your old friend, the Minister of Munitions. My information is that you are to be "a sort of Director-General of Labour Supplies," which means, I suppose, a Minister of Recruiting for Munition Workers. For a task of this kind you are eminently fitted, not merely by your experience of industrial affairs, but by the high personal qualities which have endeared you to your many friends. That you will achieve success I am persuaded in advance. More power to your smile.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I find in your address on patriotism that it is your intention to offer to the nation a spiritual example of same by cutting down your expenditure on this, that, and the other to vanishing point, and then investing the balance of your episcopal income on loan "for the benefit of the country." Long have I wondered when the episcopate would give a lead to the nation, and long have I waited; now that it has become visible in the chair of Kemigius, I contemplate it with mingled astonishment and admiration. If there is one thing more than another which has in it the power and potency of guiding the British people towards spiritual ideals in the New Kingdom, it will be the spectacle of your Lordship cutting down the bacon bill and the marmalade account and investing the savings in the five per cents. The magnitude of the sacrifice is only to be measured by the splendour of the conception; fired by it I imagine no true son of Lincolnshire will henceforth be comforted until he has done his patriotic bit for his country by growing whiskers and declining to have his hair cut, and starting a moneylending business with the proceeds of his thrift. The bishops, I believe, have already forbidden all the curates to enlist. Stimulated by your Lordship's example, however, they may still enjoy the thrills of patriotism in the service of their country's cause by denying themselves of cake at tea and putting the savings out at interest among their poor parishioners. Continue your noble example, my Lord; you have led us to the dawn of a great and glorious awakening. JOHN BULL.

To His Excellency James W. Gerard, American Ambassador, Berlin.

EXCELLENCY,—You have performed such conspicuous services as custodian of British interests in Germhuny, that I shall certainly second the representations which I understand your Government in Washington is making on your behalf, with the object of permitting certain articles of attire which you have ordered in London, and cannot obtain elsewhere, to reach you. You will permit me to point out, however, that these representations are a curious and somewhat amusing commentary on the contention of the diplomatic Note which the American Ambassador in London has delivered to the British Government, to the effect that our blockade is illegal because it is ineffective. Leaving aside any question of International law, I do not perceive how Washington can allege an ineffective blockade when the British Fleet stops even the delivery of your pyjamas, keeps you yearning for shirts, and stands in the way of replenishing your stock of vests, pants and socks. I assure you it is not the intention of our *Dreadnoughts* to deprive so good-natured a friend of Britain as your Excellency of such intimate and essential articles of attire, and they will be instructed to let the goods through as soon as possible. JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary, Netley Hospital.

DEAR SIR,—When Private Armstrong was discharged from the Army as medically unfit, he also left your hospital. You were aware, or you might have learned by asking the man, that he had a wife and children living in Sheffield. Yet you chose to send him under escort to Maybole, near Ayr, in Scotland, because he had once lived there, with instructions that the poor fellow was to be delivered over to Maybole Parish Council for the purpose of being installed in the local poor-house. In Maybole he duly arrived, properly (and expensively) escorted, having been carried some hundreds of miles past his home. I am not surprised to hear that he flatly and indignantly refused to enter the poor-house, and only desired to be sent to his own home. But his escort had no railway pass for such a purpose; besides, his duties were definite. He had to dump the man down at Maybole, and he did it. Maybole offered him the shelter of its palatial workhouse, but he scorned to swallow the insult. They could not force him into pauperism, so he was left adrift in Scotland, with half-a-crown between him and starvation. I wonder at the wooden-headedness that could not return the man to his family, and I marvel at the folly that could send him hundreds of unnecessary miles, with the offer of the workhouse at the end of them. Somebody has made a very dreadful error.

JOHN BULL.

To J. M. Hogge, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MOUNTEBANK,—Your unmannerly attack upon the Prime Minister, whose shoes you are unworthy to lick, has brought upon you a well-merited rebuke, and I trust that for a time you will hide your diminished head. I hope further that when next you thrust it into meretricious prominence, there will be someone there to hit it hard. Should such chastisement fail of its purpose, I must find surer means of piercing your pachydermatous hide. It is true your name is unfortunate, but Hogge though you are, you needn't be a—rude person, to boot. Get out of my sight, do. JOHN BULL.

To the President, Germhun Federal Council, Berlin.

MEIN HERR,—Though the Germhun people have not yet started to eat gee-gees, I perceive that your illustrious Council have ordered them to be meat-total Tuesdays and Fridays—or is it Wednesdays and Saturdays? Also that the Council have decided to confiscate all oils and fats. It must have got to a hard case when the policeman on the beat raids the household dripping, commandeers the hog lard, attaches the candles, and arrests the hair-oil. If your people were not such a wicked, damnable lot, I would send you a quarter of suet and a few bits of pork crackling as a humane contribution to your fat stocks; as it is, you will have to get along without any grease from me. By-the-way, what are you now frying fish in? JOHN BULL.

Turkeys for Christmas! 1,500 to be won in "Bullets."

THE CRANKS' CHORUS.

"Oh, if you want to smash the Hun,
We'll tell you how it can be done.
Stop 'Treating,' and the German line
Will soon be bolting for the Rhine!

"It isn't Turks, or guns, or shells,
But beer that blocks the Dardanelles!
And Belgium would be free to-day
If all the 'Pubs' were swept away."

MUNICIPAL MERRYMEN.

THE COURTESIES OF DEBATE AT SOUTH MOLTON.

South Molton, we believe, is somewhere in Devonshire, and the debates of its Borough Council are inspired by a lively grace. At a recent meeting there was, first of all, the question of a straying horse impounded by the Council, the animal belonging to a gentleman named Rather, whom we are inclined to identify with a councillor of that name. It seems that the errant beast had wandered on to the public meads of South Molton, causing damage to the herbage, although as to the precise circumstances of the affair there had been some sort of dispute. The Town Clerk, apparently, had been deputed to settle the matter, and at an interview it was proposed that "Mr. Rather should say nothing more about the horse, and the Council should say no more about the grass." Ultimately, it was agreed that Mr. Rather should receive a guinea by way of damages for the detention of the horse, an access of municipal generosity which sorely vexed the thrifty soul of Mr. James Sanders, who thus addressed the Council :—

> It is very unfair. We often talk here about saving the ratepayers' money, but I say that the Mayor took a very high-handed proceeding in impounding that horse after being advised not to do it. The Mayor should pay that guinea. I repeat it was very high-handed on his part, and I am glad to say so in his presence. No other gentleman in the town would have done the same thing. It is more like "Germanising the ratepayers" than anything else I have known. Let the man who committed the blunder pay the money.

The Mayor, however, thought this suggestion "not worth replying to," nor would he permit any trifling with the chair. Unless Mr. Sanders at once sat down, he would be "made to do so." There followed a sharp exchange of courtesies, thus reported by the *South Molton Gazette* :—

> Mr. J. Sanders: I have got you.
> The Mayor: Order.
> Mr. J. Sanders: And I don't care whether you like it or lump it.
> The Mayor: What you have stated is a deliberate lie. I never gave the order for impounding the horse.
> Mr. J. Sanders: Who did then?
> The Mayor: Go and find out.

At this point, Mr. Sanders may have left the room to prosecute the suggested inquiry, for little more seems to have been heard of him, the honours of debate subsequently falling to Mr. Councillor Huxtable, during whose observations Mr. B. Rather claimed the right, which, he said, was "Parliamentary," to make an "interjectory remark." Unhappily, he seems to have rather overdone it, Mr. Huxtable being ultimately driven to reprisals. Again we rely upon the *South Molton Gazette* :—

> Mr. Huxtable: I do not take any notice of Mr. Rather. It is not very often he is in a fit state——
> Members: Order!
> Mr. Rather: Councillor Huxtable has made a remark which is unparalleled in history. He has said that I am not in a fit state.
> Mr. Huxtable: When you sleep over the Council table, you are not.
> Mr. Rather: You arrogant, unbalanced man.
> Mr. Huxtable: I know you do not like to be told of those things.
> Mr. Rather: You're an unbalanced, arrogant man—that's what you are.
> Mr. Huxtable: How about the nine barrels of beer which you had in your field.
> Mr. Rather: You perfectly unbalanced man.

At this point the Town Clerk ventured to interpose on behalf of the decencies of debate, an intervention for which history is the poorer. It is evident that municipal government in South Molton is still in its salad days.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for November 13th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 274,105, and A347,763 Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Something like a Christmas Box!

LEATHER STITCHERS IN LONG ACRE.

GIRL WORKERS WITH A GRIEVANCE.

Our office was invaded the other day by more than a score of fair damsels, but we regret to say that their visit was caused by trouble, for they came with a grievance. Our lady friends were all working-girls, factory hands from Bermondsey. There was nothing romantic about them, for their days are serious days, and they live a life of labour which is enlivened only by their own bright nature and customary good spirits. They are philosophic enough to make the best of things and not to grumble without cause, and when they think they have reasons to complain it is fairly certain that their reasons are strong ones. They told us a plain, simple story of workshop troubles and impositions, and we took down from their lips a statement which each of them signed in proof of its truthfulness. Our best plan now is to print their statement just as it stands, so that readers may know that the words are the girls' own :—

"We, the undersigned, have been employed from one to four years as Leather Stitchers at Messrs. Hepburn, Gale & Ross, Ltd., Grange Mills, Grange Road, Bermondsey, Government Contractors for Army Equipment Works.

"None of us have ever earned less than 15s. a week, and many of us have earned as much as 25s.

"Yesterday we were put on new work, which consisted of stitching very thick leather, which was used for carriers for wounded soldiers. It was very difficult and very hard work, and we were told that we were to be paid 4d. for each carrier as completed.

"We soon found that we could hardly earn 1s. a day, and this morning we spoke to Mr. Dean, foreman of our room, and others of us spoke to Mr. Block, a member of the firm, and we were all told to clear out.

"We are all experienced leather stitchers, and we state it is impossible for any one to earn more than 1s. a day at this work."

Then follow the signatures of all the girls, written by fingers obviously familiar with hard work. And each girl is a genuine hard worker, ready to put in all she knows for the sake of her job, and neither to scamp nor slack. But they feel that they are entitled to treatment equally fair, and they protest that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Their employers know them as good servants, and it should be a simple matter to adjust this little difficulty on the basis of ensuring to the girls a wage equal to their previous earnings. Leather-stitching can never be easy work, and it can be very hard work indeed. The girls are willing to take the rough with the smooth, and they do not complain because a new task may be stiffer than usual; but they think they should not be paid less for doing harder work. Their little protest seems an eminently just one, and we put it to Messrs. Hepburn, Gale and Ross, Ltd., that, besides doing a kindly thing, they will be acting in their own best interests by taking back these willing workers on fair and equable terms. If the firm will level up the pay-sheet to the figures—surely not very big ones!—that the girls have been in the habit of receiving, they will do their bit right willingly.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Birmingham Gazette" :—

"One officer's wife, slowly reduced in circumstances, when asked where her piano was, pitifully admitted that it had been sold and EATEN."

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland :—

"Sir,—Lord Kitchener sends me the attached message for you. He wants 50,000 Irishmen at once for the period of the War. . . . Your WIVES, your children, or those dependent on you will receive an allowance every week."

"Midland Daily Telegraph" :—

"Reuter's say that a telegram received in Amsterdam from the Bulgarian Official Agency states that ONE BULGARIAN has entered Nish."

The £1,000 prize in "Bullets."

Our patriotic Specials, with appreciative zest,
Have taken into custody two of the very best—
Chairman Juniors.

Chairman Juniors is "following in father's footsteps" because the war tax on tobacco made such a difference that everyone has to pay more for his smoke. So Chairman Juniors came along to provide ten good cigarettes for 3d.—all the value in the cigarettes—no pictures or coupons—real smoker's value.

All tobacconists sell them.

The Reason of Chairman Juniors.

Before the war tax was put on tobacco Chairman Cigarettes were sold everywhere at 10 for 3d. Each packet contained a beautifully printed Regimental Crest in colours on satin. With the war tax it was impossible to sell them at less than 4d. for 10 (or 1s. 7d. for box of 50), the price now charged for them.

But as many smokers wanted their 3d. packet, Chairman Juniors were introduced. They are Chairman Cigarettes made smaller, but equal in quality, make, flavour, and smoking satisfaction, and they can be sold at 3d. for 10.

And they are worth it.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., MANCHESTER.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

We give below a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week

A young man joined two months ago, leaving his wife and child behind, with the imminent prospect of a second olive branch. Owing to the usual blunders, the woman received only the 3s 6d. a week allotted to her by her husband, the Government separation allowance being withheld. It is not surprising that the man's mind was perturbed by the fact that his wife and youngster were on the verge of starvation, and that he felt that he should do "something desperate" if the situation were not relieved. Application had been made in vain to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, but we acted promptly.

Three months ago we helped a time-expired man who came here from Alberta, in Canada, to aid the Motherland. The poor fellow, with the assistance of our grant, has since fought the enemy of want and misery. Last week, however, we were sorry to hear that he had given up the struggle and shot himself, leaving a wife and three children, one of them ill. The unfortunate man had served through the South African war, and was in every way a first-class soldier. We were glad to support financially a fund raised for the benefit of the widow and orphans.

A soldier boy went to the front, leaving his widowed mother behind. She fell into arrears with her rent, and the sheriff's officers bundled her furniture out of the house. She was, consequently, compelled to take shelter in the workhouse until some kindly neighbours came to her help. We were told that the local official of the S. & S. F. A. was approached, but with some rude words indicated that she could do nothing. The unfortunate woman has been ill since her experience, and we extended to her practical sympathy.

It is a regrettable thing that some of our married soldiers deliberately commit military crimes, forgetful of the fact that with their detention comes a stoppage of the allowance to their wives and children. Week after week we have brought to our notice the plight of numerous innocent sufferers from this cause, and we are glad to do the utmost in our power for them.

The corporate landlord appears to have as little compassion for the soldier's dependents as is displayed by the individual house-owner. A Durham man had spent twelve years in the service of a colliery company, in whose house he lived, and had six of his sons also working for the concern. At the outbreak of the war all the lads enlisted, and are now in France, two of them having been wounded. The man's wife recently died, and he fell ill. As he could not work and was unable to pay the rent, the rich company ordered him to vacate his humble home. We quickly came to the poor old chap's help, as otherwise there was nothing before him but the workhouse.

A man who rallied to the colours in the first week of the war, while undergoing his training met with an accident which subsequently caused him to be invalided out of the Service. This, of course, meant that he was returned to civil life with nothing more than the few shillings due to him. To support his wife and four children he entered very humble employment, but, unfortunately, a few days ago was taken seriously ill, and died suddenly, the sad event being indirectly traceable to the accident which caused him to give up soldiering. We gave the family practical help.

A Lancer served six months in France with his regiment and saw much fighting. Becoming a victim of rheumatic fever, he was sent to hospital, and afterwards had the misfortune to develop neurasthenia and disease of the heart. He was sent to hospital after hospital, and was finally docketed out of the Army pending his discharge. He subsequently was seized with fits and could not work. Yet he got an order to return to his depot, as his discharge had not been completed—despite a doctor's certificate that he must live a quiet and easy life! The poor physical wreck has a wife depending upon him, and we relieved them.

A soldier's widowed mother, who has seven children depending upon her, none of whom are earning, found herself in great distress and in danger of eviction. Her boy, who is only 19, was granted leave from the Front, and as she did not wish him to come home to a fireless, foodless house, we saw that she was able to give him the welcome he deserved.

We have had the usual levée of men discharged in uniform, with no money, but in lieu a promise that their back pay would be sent to them. We repeat that this is the cruellest outcome of War Office remissness, as the poor fellows cannot obtain employment whilst in khaki. In each case we did what the War Office should have done.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Peter," 1s.; F. H., 1s. 6d.; M. S., 6d.; Miss M. H. B., 1s.; "Staff at Beaufort, L.N.W. Rly.," 1s. 10d.; "Kirkby," 4s.; W. H., 2s. 6d.; J. H., 7s.; "Old Reader" (Devon), 2s. 6d.; A. W. M., 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. N. (Shanghai), £1 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; W. W. C. (Margate), £1; Pte. F. S., 1s.; A. J. B. (Eastbourne), £5; "One of the Boys," £5; A. F. (Johannesburg), 5s.; "Master, Officers, Engineers and Crew of s.s. *Saint Kilda*" (per J. A. S.), £24 7s. 4d.; W. G. A. S., 2s. 4d.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; "St. Olave's Amateur Musical Association" (per J. W. McC.), £1 3s. 6d.; H. S. (Sarum), 2s. 6d.; L. N. (Leeds), 5s.; J. M. (Birkenhead), 4s.; "Black Cat," 5s.; "Captain, Chief Engineer and Secretary, s.s. *Kioto*" (per E. J. S.), £2; E. A. B. (Birmingham), 1s.; "Muirend," 1s.; M. M., 1s.; E. Y., 1s.; A. W., 1s.; "Opti," 1s.; "Captain, Officers & Engineers, s.s. *Kiang-Wo*" (per N. R. B.), £8 3s. 5d.; A. McL. (Chester), £1 1s. 8d.; "Jacob," 1s.; "Widow," 1s.; "Hackney Students," £1; A. H. D., 2s.; C. M. M., 2s.; K. P., 1s.; "A Few Coopers and Machinists" (Woolwich Arsenal), 5s. 3d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; D. O., 1s. 6d.; A. L. R., 1s.; "The Stokers" (H.M.S. *Hampshire*), £4; A. T., 1s.; J. F., 2s.; A. R. S., 1s.; "JOHN BULL Reader," 4s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; W. A. C., 1s. 4d.; R. B. H. L., 6s. 10d.; W. D., 1s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; E. W. D., J. M., W. A., and M. M., £1; Mrs. M. J. D., 1s.; B. C. C., 2s. 6d.; W. E. S., 6d.; B. G. (I. of Man), 1s. 6d.; A. D., 1s 6d.; "Reg," 6d.; "R.S.," 1s.; T. M., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

Mr. J. C. Armstrong, the winner of the First Prize in our 159th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

We have also received £5 from Mr. S. Weston, the winner of the First Prize in our 160th "Bullets" Competition.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our Fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. A. Roberts, "Carpenters' Arms," 105, King's Cross Road, 2s. 8d.; Mr. L. J. Brown, "The Sadlers," Swallow Street, 7s. 8d.; Mr. Geo. Layton, "Duke of Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Selinger, 175b, Highbury New Park, 5s. 10d.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 17s. 6d.; Mr. W. J. Gowing, "White Lion," Central Street, St. Lukes, E., 3s. 10½d.

HUNSTANTON.—Mr. F. A. Rands, 4, Victoria Buildings, 5s.

Thrilling articles by Mr. Bottomley are found in "Everywoman's Weekly."

EXCELDA

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FOR

SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

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Ask for **EXCELDA** Soft Collars and Fronts.

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Why, the man who smokes Bondman. He shows his taste in choosing this rich, ruddy Virginia. Pouring out delicate fragrance Bondman is welcome everywhere — even in the drawing-room. Bondman smokes slowly and evenly and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

You can send Bondman duly free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

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LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy Virginia
TOBACCO.

Cardigan and Shirt Value Extraordinary!!

Idéal for Soldiers, Prisoners of War, Miners, Munition Workers, Carpenters, Plumbers, &c.

THE CHILL TERRORS OF THE TRENCHES IN WINTER must be met, and there are no better garments than the Cardigan Jacket and a good Shirt for providing the soldier with extra protection and warmth.

WE ARE MAKING AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER OF CARDIGANS DURING THE PRESENT WEEK

Money returned if not satisfied with bargain. Send for Sample.

We have **OVER 40,000** of these garments to clear in order to make room for incoming stock.
Men's **GREY KNITTED CARDIGANS.** The Greatest Bargain ever offered.

SAMPLE **2/4½** (Post 6d.) PER DOZ. **27/6** Carriage Free.

All sizes in stock. 36-44in. chest.

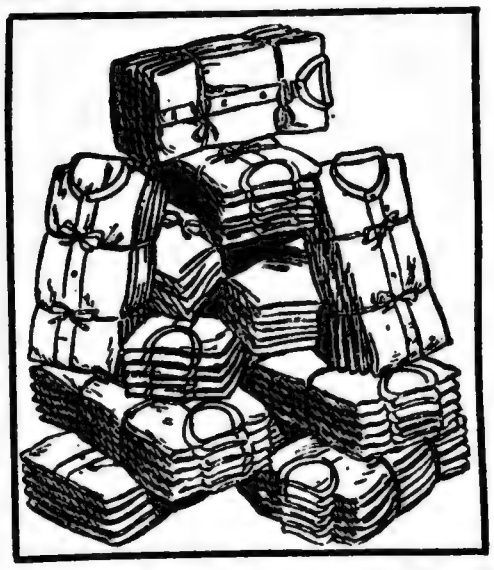
This is the same quality jacket as supplied by other contractors to the Army at 5/- each. The most useful garment ever invented. Invaluable for all types of working men. Will wash without shrinking.

25,000 REGULATION GREY FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS

purchased before the great advance in price.

SAMPLE **3/6** (Post 4d.) PER DOZ **40 6** Carriage Free.

All sizes. 14in. to 16½in. neck.



In two weights, Medium & Heavy. Very Durable and Useful Garments.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

A "CONFIRMED" AUTOCRAT.

One of our readers is in the 9th Hants, Headquarters St. Leonards, and it appears that the officer commanding is very despotic in his treatment of the men under him. He absolutely insists upon their being confirmed, although the majority of the members are Nonconformists. The consequence is that there is great dissatisfaction, and several of the men have cleared out.

PRINCESS MARY'S GIFT.

H.R.H. Princess Mary, fired with natural enthusiasm, decided that every serving man should have a present from her on the same lines as the Queen Victoria gift to the South Africa troops. Her late Majesty sent a tin of chocolate, which is useful as a variant of the bully beef ration; Princess Mary provided something more welcome, in the form of tobacco packed in a souvenir box. If we are able to believe the hundreds of letters that reach us, the bulk of the men of the Army and Navy have not received the gift—in many cases the men have been handed empty boxes. Can anybody tell us what has become of the tobacco so generously sent out?

ROOKING OUR HEROES.

King's Regulations lay down that certain specified soldiers shall receive extra pay for skill at arms and proficiency in other directions. Many thousands of the men entitled to this allowance are not obtaining it, and complain accordingly. Again, men going on leave are entitled to ration money which is withheld from them. Who is benefiting? Is the quartermaster-sergeant, the quartermaster, the paymaster, or the Treasury? We like this matter no more than we do the withholding of the money due to the poor fellows thrown out from the Service, and the women and children starving owing to the incompetency—to use no harsher term—of the Paymasters.

A CRYING SHAME.

When the war began, our men in the trenches were supplied with a green envelope endorsed "On Active Service." On its face it bore the notice, "Correspondence in this envelope need not be censored regimentally. The contents are liable to examination at the base." On the 15th of last month Routine Order 424 was issued, cancelling the envelope. Not one soldier in a thousand knew of this rescission, and the men consequently continued to use the envelope. In each case the letter to the relative or friend at home was extracted and destroyed, and the envelope forwarded to the addressee with a notification that "this envelope is obsolete and, in accordance with Routine Order 424, 15th October, 1915, the letter it contained has been destroyed." Has the war produced any greater or more damnable foolishness than this?

TOMMY'S TOBACCO.

The current of complaints from the men in France concerning the rottenness of the pipe-tobacco and cigarettes sent out to them is like Tennyson's brook. Certain newspapers which are operating "tobacco funds" should at once look into the quality of the stuff dispatched. "No name no pack drill" is a good old saying in the Army, and we shall not mention names; but the majority of the grouses which reach us from the front concern tobaccos generously subscribed for by the British public, only to be thrown away as unsmokable. Some tobacco companies appear to be off-loading all the rubbish in their stores, and must be battening on the funds of the philanthropic public. We have had samples of the tobacco sent to us, and with a clear conscience can say that it would be insulting green flies to burn it in the conservatory.

HOSPITAL COMPLAINTS.

We sympathise with the men who complain about their treatment in certain military hospitals, but for obvious reasons cannot undertake to pillory individual institutions. The meagreness of the diet, at which some of our correspondents grumble, may be due to the doctor's orders.

SOUTH AFRICA, PLEASE NOTE!

On November 4th the *Kenilworth Castle* arrived, having on board a number of South African Royal Engineers. When the men reached Borden Camp, they were given a compulsory nine days' leave—to put it plainly, each man was told to go to the Devil for that period, whether he had money or not. As the majority of the soldiers had no funds, the result may easily be imagined. It is only necessary to fancy oneself stranded in London with empty pockets for nine days to gauge the situation. Some of the men drifted to JOHN BULL. We did what we could for them, and sent them to the office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, where they got ample sympathy but no money—being told that from the time of their landing they had no claim upon the Union, the War Office being alone responsible. At the latter institution they got the usual treatment, which did not help them to find bed and food. When this news reaches South Africa, perhaps Botha will have something to say.

NEWSPAPER SPOOF.

Thanks to the hard Army "dog biscuit" and other forms of ration, teeth are very scarce among the men in the trenches; but those who retain their dental blessings tell us that they gnash them when they get some of our illustrated and other papers sent out there. They hate the fake pictures depicting life at the front as a kind a picnic, with four o'clock tea in the advance trenches within a hundred yards of the enemy, cinema exhibitions and dances—all under the foe's guns. The boys send us their free opinions, day by day, but we are afraid we cannot help matters. Newspapers must live, and if they cannot pay for thrilling news they must invent their own tarradiddles to draw the coppers.

THE SARTORIAL QUESTION.

A soldier discharged from the Service is entitled to a suit of civilian clothing—as we have often pointed out, many of our men are not given it, nor the 17s. 9d. in lieu which is supposed to be sufficient to turn the ex-military man into a decent civilian. Between October and March our discharged men are also entitled to an overcoat, but we find that the bulk of them are being supplied with ratty, ill-fitting mackintoshes, coming from heaven knows where. If the authorities had looked ahead in the summer, they would have had a supply of overcoats in hand by now. We notice that an Aldershot contractor offers 50,000 Army overcoats at 9s. 6d. each, and many other cast-off clothing merchants advertise similar bargains. Why not commandeer the whole lot? Our men at the front will want them.

MISSING MEN.

Can any of their comrades give us news of the following?:—

A.-Cpl. H. Forster, 3184, P Co., 11th Batt., Manchester Rgt.; Pte. H. W. Silvers, 18346, A Co., 1st R.W.F.; Gunner G. Crooks, 66526, 132nd Battery R.F.A.; Pte. G. W. Myers, 19694, C Co., 10th Batt., Y. and L. Rgt.; Cpl. J. West, 12131, F Co., 2nd Scots Gds.; Pte. J. T. Peake, 1358, 5th Manchesters; Pte. T. Stephens, 14366, Welsh Regt.; 2nd Lieut. Wm. Homer Dean, 1-7th Sherwood Foresters; Pte. T. C. Bray, 709, No. 7 Ptn., X Co., 2nd R.F.; Pte. H. Mullen, 20921, H Co.; 4th Co., 4th Inniskilling Fus.; Pte. G. E. Latter, 1669, 1-4th Lincolnshires; Gunner E. Dellow, 87656, R.H.A.; Pte. C. A. Minnithorpe, 10587, 9th Batt., West Yorks; Pte. R. Robinson, 11843, B Co., 8th Lincolns; L.-Cpl. W. Rosborough, 7694, B Co., 8th Gordon Hdrs.; Set. W. Eldred, 1752, C Co., 8th Batt., The Buffs; Driver C. Molyneux, B Batt., 124th Brigade, R.F.A.; Rfn. Rogerson, Y.-188, 4th Batt., K.R.R., Pte. F. Simm, 2272, 4th Batt 1st Infy. Bgde., A.I.F.; Pte. Colclough, 8648, 1st K.O.R.L.; Pte. F. Harris, 14913, A Co., 7th K.O.S.B.; Pte. A. W. King, 889, 2nd Buffs, East Kent Rgt.; Pte. A. Talbot, 14767, 10th Batt., South Staffs.; Rfn. P. F. Hebert, 2557, D Co., 2nd Batt., Rifle Brigade; Pte. A. C. Multon, 7117, 4th Co., 2nd Irish Gds.; Pte. J. Barbour, 30877, A.S.C.; Pte. G. Pritchard, 7761, 1st Batt., A Co., Gloucester Rgt.; L.-Cpl. W. Salter, 6944, D Co., 5th K.S.L.I.; Pte. D. G. Harris, 15006, 8th S.L.I.; Tpr. P. J. George, 1001, Royal Bucks Hsrs.; Pte. A. J. Faulkner, 4327, B Co., 1-5th Bedfords; Pte. T. Francey, 8061, 2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; L. Cpl. Wm. Francey, 12261, 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; Rfn. L. G. Steer, 8453, C Co., 9th K.R.R.; Pte. F. J. Webb, 16593, X Co., 8th Northumberland Fusiliers; Sgt. J. H. Ewart, 13th Royal Scots; Pte. W. H. Watkins, 12944, D Co., 4th S. Wales Borderers; Pte. H. Hill, 17166, 2nd N.F.

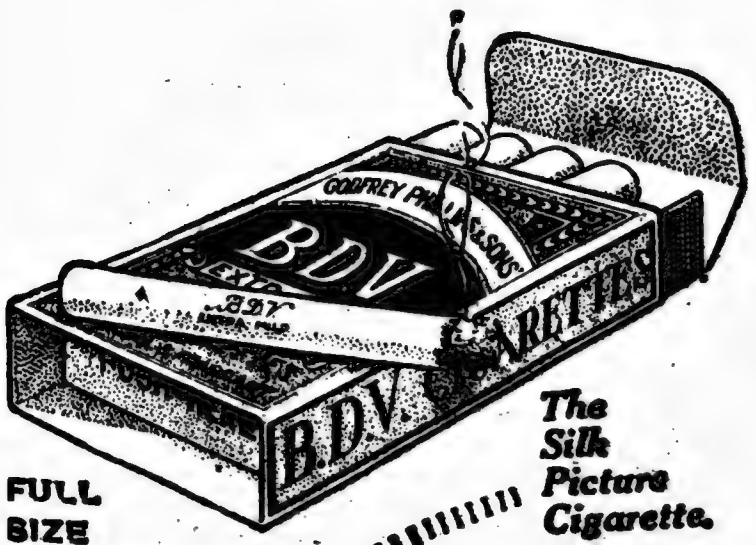
Don't be gulled by ha'penny bluff. Support John Bull with every puff.

YOU don't help the Country by smoking a **smaller** cigarette which contains less tobacco and so pays less duty, and **you are not economising** because you pay a halfpenny more for a smaller cigarette. Smoke the **usual size,** usual **quality,** and full **weight** B.D.V. Silk Picture Cigarettes, which **cannot** be sold at less than 4d. for 10.

Result of 1d. Increase: Disconsolate Gunners. No Shells.

Result of 1d. Increase: Plenty of Shells. Gunners firing like ——

YOU **do help the Country** by smoking a B.D.V. Cigarette which contains the full quantity of Pure Virginia Tobacco and pays the increased duty, and **you are economising** when you smoke a B.D.V. Cigarette which is half as big again as some cheaper brands.



FULL SIZE as usual

The Silk Picture Cigarette.

Smoke

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Silk-Picture Cigarettes

10 FOR 4D.

and help win the War.

EACH packet of 10 contains one of a series of Flags, Regimental Badges, Territorial Crests, or Naval Crests, beautifully printed in Colours on Silk, suitable for working into Needlework designs, for which valuable cash prizes are presented each month. Write **Godfrey Phillips, Ltd.,** London, E., for full particulars.

20 for 7½d.

Each packet contains a large Silk Portrait, Standard or Flag.

25 for 9½d.

Each packet contains a beautiful Velveteen Oriental Rug.

50 for 1/7

Each box contains a Silk Coloured Portrait, Flag or Picture, 6in. by 4in.

Special Prices for Soldiers with the Expeditionary Forces.

Drawn by Leo Cheney.

THE ARCH-ASSASSIN: "NOW THAT I AM GRACIOUSLY PREPARED TO OFFER PEACE, IT SEEMS STRANGE THEY REFUSE TO DISCUSS IT!"

This is an example of the clever work of the cartoonists of the "Passing Show," which contains every week the cream of all that is best in humorous art and literature. Get this week's number—you will find it, as Mr. Bottomley says, "the most entertaining of papers." Published every Tuesday, 1d.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD COURTNEY.

'Mornin', sir . . . Shampoo? Yessir. Not much news about the wa—— . . . Beg pawden, sir? *Not much news, an' wot there is is bad?* Don't say that, sir, as the criminal sed to the judge w'en 'e give 'im a "lifer." It don't do to git pessimistic times like these. It 'arms *h*our side, an' incourages the *h*enemy . . . Tell me w'en it's 'ot enough, sir . . . I reckon orl pessimists an' w'imperers oughter be interned, sir . . . *Wot do I mean by w'imperers?* W'y, cowardly, snufflin', weak-kneed cusses like Lord Courtney, 'oo made thet 'orrible pro-German speech in the 'Ouse o' Lords last week . . . Wot, sir? *Too 'ot?* You're right, sir, it wos . . . Eh? . . . Oh, you mean the water is! . . . 'Ow's thet, sir? . . . *Too cold?* Then 'ow's THET, sir? *About right?* Thank you, sir . . . Yes, as I wos sayin', Lord Courtney's a snivellin' w'imperer. *Seem very much annoyed with Lord Courtney?* No, I ain't annoyed, sir—I'm disgusted. Jest fancy a British peer o' the realm sayin' "we should show *h*ourselves ready to *h*accept *any suggestion* w'ich may be offered for endin' the wore"! . . . Oh, 'e qualified that, did 'e, sir? Well, sir, *you* may call it a qualification, but I don't. 'E simply sed, "There are two, an' p'raps three, things . . . vital to the possibility of a settlement—the liberation of Belgium and Northern Frawnce, an' no indemnity to be levied on this country." Didjew *h*ever 'ear sich shoddy nonsence in yore life! Wot 'e meant wos, if Germany agrees to clear outer Frawnce an' Belgium, an' *promises not to ask hus for an indemnity*, we oughter shake 'ands with the 'Uns, an' kiss the Kayser! On'y a loonatic, a peace crank (which is the same thing) or a ruddy traitor could tork like thet. Wot erbout compensation for orl *h*our sacrifices? Wotterabout orl *h*our splendid young chaps wot the Kayser's 'ordes 'ave slaughtered? Wotterbout the wimmin an' children o' Belgium an' Frawnce? An' *wotterbout Nurse Cavell?* I tell yer, Germany's gotter pay fur them deeds, if it costs us the larst man an' the larst shillin' to make 'er! An' the Kayser knows it, I reckon. 'E knows 'is number's up, right enough. But *h*every time 'e reads a lot o' pewtrid tosh like Lord Courtney's it gives 'im a fresh spurt . . . Ennythink on the 'air, sir? . . . *Nuthink?* An' *dry it as quick as I can?* Well, I've got the 'lectric dryer on, sir. I carn't do it no quicker then thet . . . But this 'ere Lord Courtney orlways wos a pro-Boche. W'y, on'y seven months before the wore broke out 'e wos *h*advocatin' disarmament—w'en *h*everybody with a grain o' gump knew Germany wos preparin' for the Day! It's a wonder 'e ain't ashamed to show 'is paralyzin' face in public! 'Speshully w'en 'e remembers wot 'e sed in nineteen-o-seven . . . *Wot wos thet?* W'y, 'e sed, "No sane German contemplated an attack on England." Ha, ha! And a fat-witted bloke like thet is allowed to sit in the 'Ouse o' Lords! It makes yer fair sick, don't it, sir? . . . Oh, you *think my language is disgraceful*, do you? An' 'oo may *you* be w'en you're at 'ome, if it ain't a rood queschun? . . . Eh? Lord Courtney? Phew! Er—h'm! . . . Well, me lord, you've 'ad a shampoo, an' 'eard a bit o' trooth. I 'ope the larst will do you as much good as the first. An' by the way, me lord, don't tork enny more slop erbout givin' Germany guarantees for the freedom of 'er commerce. She 'ad thet before the wore, an' look wot she done with it! Built up a dirty trade conspiracy against England. 'Enceforth she'll on'y use the seas by special permission of the British Fleet—*an' she'll 'ave to behave 'erself!*—Now let me sell you a safety razor, me lord . . . 'E's orf!

Racing Notes.

By "THE SQUIRE."

We are still waiting anxiously for the Government's decision *re* winter racing, though perchance by the time these lines are read Mr. Runciman may have made up his mind. The long delay has, naturally, been very annoying to owners and trainers.

There is racing on the Curragh this week, but even in Ireland there then comes a break till Boxing Day; so unless we have jumping, it will be a very flat time for all of us.

To-day (Wednesday) the best thing is

HERODIA

for the November Plate. JOSH is likely to win the Irish Plate. For the Final Plate, a hurdle race, MENLO is a likely runner. Not much is known of the form of English jumpers at present, but if Mofat has run in the Harristown Hurdle on Tuesday, and done at all well, MENLO should be supported now.

My *Special* will be published during the winter each Saturday, when racing is taking place either on that day or during the ensuing week. Orders as usual to the Publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre.

BOXING.

Owing to great pressure upon our space, we have been compelled to hold over our Boxing Notes.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 6.

Nobody succeeded in correctly forecasting all the results on a single coupon. Three readers, however, sent coupons showing only two errors, and share the £100, each receiving £33 6s 8d.:—

DYER, W., 257, Scott Ellis Gardens, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.

BANDSMAN CARLISLE, West Yorkshire Regiment, Fulford Barracks, York.

ROBINSON, A., 32, Chevening Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days** of **publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

ALFRED OSBORNE, 6, Grange Park Road, Thornton Heath. 475,585. October 23rd.

J. E. HAYNES, 16, Hague Lane, Remitron, near Chesterfield. 208,660. October 16th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 13th:—

007406	227327	530698	724121	A062530
017621	243207	538475	735472	A112312
084557	273319	550889	798417	A148131
101448	308902	568322	818119	A175117
117560	348424	598017	829912	A198984
121109	392685	612950	867285	A235765
136963	409943	631074	935528	A257428
167480	476429	656827	964462	A282307
189230	498500	666852	981357	A326945
211602	511451	710232	A007822	A379783

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published November 24th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **Nov. 20th, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

A. G. (Stafford) AND OTHERS.—Many thanks for your congratulations on our Kitchener Manifesto.

"BIZZY" (Hampstead) says "the country is fed up with politicians and wirepullers." Truth will out, despite the Press Bureau.

'DICKENS" (Harthill) has come to the conclusion that "we are a turncoat to the labouring classes." Good wear both sides, we hope.

C. W. M. (Durban) tells us that when a film was shown at the local Criterion Theatre, depicting us addressing a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square, "it was greeted with rounds of applause and shouts of 'Good old JOHN BULL.'" Three cheers for the boys across the sea.

"SEADOG" (H.M.S. ——) says, "We always think that when *you* tackle a subject things are going to hum." Thanks.

PTE. B. S. (16 Battn. Canadian Scottish, C.E.F.).—Many thanks for your interesting little souvenir from the trenches in France, in the shape of a "bit of the wing" of a German aeroplane, brought down by one of our aviators on October 26th. Good luck—and may there be many more such bags. We have had pleasure in sending you, as a souvenir from England, a parcel of "comforts."

"NURSE" (Nuneaton).—Glad your friend in Malay pays 3d. for his JOHN BULL with such pleasure. Perhaps he realises it is really worth its weight in diamonds.

"DOUBTFUL" (Leyton).—Your conscience and your fitness must decide: we can put it to you in no stronger way than that.

"WODAN MAN" (Cricklewood).—Why is a good Jew better than a bad Christian? For the same reason as a good Christian is better than a bad Jew.

"SKIPPER" (Marseilles) says: "Damn you. You're white right through." You damn us as a token of affection apparently. Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, defined an even stronger word as "a term of endearment used amongst sailors."

VICE-PRESIDENT, ROYAL NAVAL CHIEF WARRANT OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION (Portsmouth).—Thanks for your thanks.

C. H. (Clapton), *re* the late "Kaiser Street, Glasgow," suggests that all Germhun, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian place names should be swept out of this country and the countries of our Allies. Hear! Hear!

T. T. W. (Devil's Bridge) says that when in Bala recently he saw a column of Germhun war prisoners, all in mufti; "our men in Germhuny have to wear their tattered uniforms." Shows how nice we are to our enemies.

"FATHER OF 3" (Glasgow).—If, as you allege, a prominent Glasgow tramway official has sent his two sons to America to evade enlistment, he deserves a good hard push—out of Glasgow.

W. C. (Birkenhead) and OTHERS.—Arguments against taxing Co-operative Societies' profits might pass if the Co-ops. supplied only their own members. But they do not. They trade with the general public and compete with the private trader.

C. K. (Leeds).—The biggest sum ever awarded as a "Bullets" prize was £1,000. The last occasion the huge amount was won was in June of this year. But you have another opportunity now.

W. S. I. (Hereford).—True enough, if the command to love our enemies were carried to its logical conclusion we must end in loving the Devil and all his works.

G. A. G. (At the Front).—Why do you have to pay 2½d. for JOHN BULL out there? Ask the *marchand journaux*.

A. G. M. (Leeds).—We agree that "truculent" is far from the right epithet to apply to Sir John French, for there is certainly nothing "fierce, savage or barbarous" in his expression. The writer in the daily paper must have mislaid his *Thesaurus*.

"IRLANDISCHEN."—Quite time the legend "Nicht hinaus lehnen" was removed from some of our railway carriages. Let 'em full out, and be damned.

"A FRENCH SOLDIER" (Auxonne).—You are justified in maintaining that the courage of conscripts is no less than that of volunteers. The heroism of the French troops provides you with an unanswerable argument! *Vive la France! A bas les Boches!*

"A SMOKER" (Marylebone).—You may write till your face assumes a cerulean hue, but you cannot refute the fact that smokers and drinkers contribute more to the Revenue than do the unhappy individuals whose habits are less genial.

PTE. F. H. (Australian Force).—Glad you think England is worth fighting for, now you have seen her. But you are fighting for much more than England. We have to remind you that there is Scotland, else we shall be snowed under by angry missives from enraged Scottish readers. And what about Ireland, etc.?

J. J. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Since you are a Rumanian, we shall appreciate your praise the more when your country throws in her lot with the Allies.

"PRO PATRIA" (Melling).—The farmer's sons in your district who told the recruiting sergeant that they would go when they were "fotched" will find themselves "fotched" sooner, perhaps, than they anticipated.

R. G. H. (B.E.F., France).—Your censor has blacked out the main portion of your question; hence our inability to answer it.

M. E. (Langholm).—Readers who cared to irritate themselves by reading a lot of exaggerated absurdities into our article "Blood Will Tell" were, of course, at liberty to do so. The most sublime ideas may be reduced to the ridiculous by captious critics.

"BETTY" (Barry).—By George!

T. R. (Hull).—The Gov.-General of India may *think* he has a right to have a Bandmaster of pig-dog origin. But, morally and patriotically, he has not.

H. T. (Sheffield).—You say that if the U.S.A. cannot build 40 battleships by the end of 1919, she can *get* them. Where from?

PTE. H. S. (Birmingham) asks us to examine the drink question "in the abstract." We prefer to deal with it in the concrete—when we are thirsty.

H. W. (Kingston-on-Thames).—The discontinuance of the firm Conrad Wm. Schmidt (F. A. Glaser), Ltd., might inflict hardship on certain of our own countrymen, but the patriotic amongst them would prefer that rather than that the enemy should benefit, directly or indirectly.

"CONSTANT READER" (Liverpool).—The pacifist Quakers of Liverpool may safely be left to stew in their own juice. Mr. Asquith has declared he will "stick at nothing" to win this war, and as we mean to keep him to his word, British pro-Boches may put up their shutters as soon as they like.

"A SPECIAL'S WIFE" (Lower Edmonton).—You appear to be more concerned about the possible loss of your husband's income than the loss of his life.

"AN OLD READER" (Poplar, E.) referring to a recent Zeppelin raid on London, asks: "Did our searchlights by playing bodily on the Zeppelin disclose it to the naked eye?" No! to *our* naked eye. As a matter of fact, we are not sure our eye was naked at the time.

J. C. (New Mostin).—As you must have seen by this time, the Union of Democratic Control is a traitorous pro-Boche association of Peace-at-any-Pricers, whose activities should be arrested without compunction or delay.

"THE MOKE."—Your verses running: "Old —— —— and —— went out upon the booze," are a grave libel on two prominent politicians, so we will save you—and ourselves—from trouble by refraining from printing them.

"FIFTY YEARS A COLLIER" (Airdrie).—It amounts to this—that both the miners and the owners failed to keep their engagements, the temptation to make a bit extra out of the war being too strong to be resisted by either.

A good shot with a "Bullet" will win you £1,000.

"BRITISHER" (Cathcart).—It may be that the workers you mention do not begrudge the money, but object to the *enforced* weekly deduction from their wages for the Red Cross Fund by their employers Left to their own generosity, they might subscribe a great deal more.

R. J. M. (Dumfries).—"Where is that cocksure, bloodthirsty swashbuckler, von Bernhardi, now?" Don't know. But he deserves to be in Hell, burning hard.

H C. (Cleethorpes).—We are afraid it would be too great a drain on the National Exchequer to exempt from payment of Income Tax upon their return to civil life all men who have taken up arms on behalf of the country.

"JACOB" (Bristol).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending solicitors, stockbrokers, etc. Your 1s. postal order has been added to our War Sufferers' Fund.

A. M. B. (Brechin).—With reference to our recent reply, to the effect that we considered the snowball scheme for collecting money for war ambulances, promoted by Miss Tweedie, of Edinburgh, "a wasteful method" of gathering funds, it must, of course, be understood that we cast no reflection upon the *bona fides* of the lady in question. It is only the method of the snowball schemes that we object to.

A. A. M. (Hackney).—We think you may rest assured that the interest on your War Loan stock is correctly worked out, allowing for the deduction of income tax. If neither you nor your husband is liable for income tax you can get the amount refunded, but your bankers will doubtless be able to explain the position to you more clearly.

"EMPIRE WAR LOAN CLUB."—T. E. (Longborough) AND MANY OTHERS.—Have nothing whatever to do with this.

CONCERTINA WANTED.—Will any reader forward us a concertina and a gramophone for some of the boys at the Front?

MRS. M. L. B. (Malmesbury).—Have nothing to do with Mrs. Findlater's snowball. We have given this advice over and over again. The lady is herself trying to stop it.

H. W. T. (Wandsworth) has had about ten verses fired at him by a neighbour because his boy tries to play the fife: "Each morn, each eve, each middle day, A horrid, horrid row, Comes moaning in an awful way, Just like a wounded cow." The rest must be imagined.

H. D. W. (Hastings) wants space "in reference to the following conversation with a supposed gentleman." We have neither space nor time for suppositions.

J. P. (M. Tydvil) says he would value our opinion of his verses on the "Pro-Germhuns in our midst." They are lovely, especially this one: "Ye men who live beneath our flag, Who've sheltered 'neath our native crag, Are ye the ones who would betray, Our country with your raucous bray?" J. P. will live when Shakespeare is forgotten.

"DIANA" (Glos.) tells us of a small village which, to her own knowledge, "shelters seven Germhuns." We know of small streets which shelter a lot more.

MARY H. B. (Putney).—He could enlist, and Lord Derby would settle the question whether or not he is indispensable. All we can say is that we hope Conscription will be unnecessary.

C. M. (Salisbury).—The Municipal Permanent Investment Society has not been particularly successful, and times are bad for it just now, but we do not think you should realise at such a heavy loss, because the prospects are likely to improve after the war. You do not comply with our rules by giving your name and address.

M. H. (London).—It may have "come to our knowledge that we have an Austrian working at Woolwich Arsenal," but what is his name and in what department is he working?

E. M. (Victoria Street) sends us a crude sketch on a post-card, and asks, "What will you give me for this—a complete stability aeroplane." A piece of our mind, if he does it again.

T. R. H. (B. Co.).—"Motor Driving—what is it worth a lesson?" About £100, if you intend to drive.

"CLYDEBANK" (Glasgow).—You can afford to be rude on a postcard, being anonymous.

P. T. (Beenham).—The Primate is usually appointed on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, but the "living" actually is in the gift of the King.

"PRIVATE BLANK" (S. Tottenham, N.).—The Wood Green *Sentinel's* laboured attempt at sarcasm at our expense provided us with a merry five minutes. The junior reporter who wrote it deserves a rest cure.

MAJOR E. W. L. (Belgium).—Rest assured our contributor intended no disrespect to the Colonial troops when he wrote of them "slouching negligently." There is no doubt that, when off duty, the average Colonial soldier may be distinguished from the home-grown article by his easier gait.

MISS M. W. (South Hampstead).—Don't worry. The Boches will take care not to drop bombs on the Zoo. There are too many of their blood relations interned there.

G. H. (Clapham, S.W.).—We know nothing about the "musical agency" you mention, but should say such lugubrious work as singing unaccompanied solos at funerals *is* worth more than 10s. 6d. a time.

E. T. (Bolton).—We were not satirical at the expense of the Vicar of Boynton's genuine love for his dead dog. It is a sentiment for which we have the deepest respect, having ourselves the sincerest affection for the canine kind. But to make an exaggerated parade of his grief by erecting to its memory a tombstone *bearing a Scriptural text* is to call down ridicule upon an otherwise laudable sorrow.

PTE. S. L. (Ipswich).—The gentleman with the horticultural representation of an Iron Cross in his front garden should be summoned for insulting behaviour likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

"A MERE WOMAN."—"Our men have failed us, in our direst need. Powerless they prove to stem the onward rush of cruel foe." Don't be silly.

T. G. (Knaresbro').—If you tax club subscriptions, you might as well tax pew rents.

J. R. (Bristol).—Von Veltheim, who shot Woolf Joel at Johannesburg in 1898, we have always understood to be an Austrian. He was too good looking for a German.

"DRILLING FOR THE FRONT" (Southport).—You exclaim "Be 'Honest to the public,'" but are not honest enough to sign your name. Your unit must be the great Anonymouth Corps.

"IRISH RAILWAYMAN" (Moira) says he was born a teetotaler. It is an infant ailment, from which the majority of people recover in time. He has not. Nor does he smoke, because it makes him sick. He has our sincere sympathy on both counts. The most unhappy Irishman we've ever heard of!

E. K. (Tottenham).—It is usual for the court to rise when the Judge enters, as he is the direct representative of the King.

G. P. A. (Surbiton) thinks that many young men in offices and shops have joined the colours to get some fresh air. They need it, anyway.

"GUNNER" (Brit. Ex. Force) says, "If I win the £1,000, send me a big box of sweets, etc., to share among the boys, but if I don't, please yourself." We will.

M. ("Eastern Counties").—The sentry should have informed his superior officer of the lights if he had suspicions. The proprietor of the hotel is an Englishman with a Germhun name.

L. D. S. (Manchester).—The rule of British law is that all persons are of British nationality if born within British dominions, whether of British or of foreign parentage; also all children of natural born British paternity, wherever born.

DR. J. P. (Leyburn).—The Household Supply Company, 3, Warwick Street, Manchester, is an audacious imposition on honest but confiding people.

A. E. H. (Pengam).—We can understand your longing, though a girl, to be a soldier, but remember—they also serve who only stand and wait, and "keep the home fires burning."

"GREENOCK" expresses astonishment at our poster "If I were Mr. McKenna," and says, "Now supposing you were Mr. McKenna and Mr. McKenna were you, well, think it over." We have thought it over, and have come to the conclusion that we should be Mr. McKenna and Mr. McKenna would be us.

K. M. (Portsmouth).—It was rank impertinence of the firm to ask you if you attended Sunday School when you applied for the post of girl bicycle messenger. Many of our most successful ciminals have been Sunday School scholars and teachers.

P. W. (Battersea) asks if we are aware that "upwards of five thousand persons attend every week in London some kind of amusement." "Upwards" is right.

"SEA SCOUT" (Louth).—There is plenty of time to think about medals for boy scouts engaged in "watching" on the coast.

A. H. W. (Shortlands).—The object of your "Anti-Naturalised Enemy League" has our cordial approval.

"A CITIZEN" (Salisbury).—A German governess still employed at a Salisbury girls' school! What are the pupils' parents thinking of?

J. W. (Sawley).—It is not lawful to turn a bull known to be dangerous into a field across which is a public footpath. But JOHN BULL may go everywhere—and does!

S. F. (Liverpool).—We do not approve of little girls being sent by their parents to public-houses to buy intoxicants. But still less do we approve of well-meaning, but tactless, clergymen scaring such little girls out of their wits in the street by violently admonishing them for what they do in innocence. The said clergy should tackle the parents, not terrify their offspring.

"A SPECIAL" (Bedford Park, W.).—We call the No Treating Order the "Mean Man's Charter" because it affords the sponger the opportunity to avoid the risk of having to stand a drink.

For Home Defence.

See page ii of cover.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE AMERICAN NOTE.

SERGEANT (*eyeing vis-a-vis quizzically*): Haven't joined up yet, then?—Oh, I'm sorry I spoke. You're an American. Pretty rough luck.

YANKEE: How's that? I guess we're doin' fine.

SERGEANT: Oh, I don't mean from the dollar point of view. I hear there's more gold circulating in the United States than was ever seen before. But it must be pretty rotten to know a powerful nation like yours is standing aside and letting the Allies fight for it.

YANKEE: Heh? I don't take you.

SERGEANT: Well, if the Allies were to lose this war, you know what would happen to the United States sooner or later, don't you? You'd become a German colony, and every man jack of you would be turned into a goose-stepping conscript.

YANKEE: That's a matter of opinion. Anyway, I guess the Allies are out to win this war.

SERGEANT: And small thanks to you if they do.

YANKEE: We stand for the principle of neutrality, and the eternal rights of the Amurrican people. If Yurrup likes to swim in gore, I guess that's Yurrup's business.

SERGEANT: And when Germany murders American women and children I suppose that's Europe's business also?

YANKEE: Waal, no. That *Lusitania* affair riled us.

SERGEANT: Almost as much as the British Navy searching American ships for contraband, eh? Of course, the brutal murder of a few American women and babies is nothing compared with a slight interruption of American commerce.

YANKEE: Waal, I reckon a neutral travellin' in one of the belligerent countries is entitled to more respect than yew air handin' out. So I'll thank yew tew be raythor more civil, or ring off.

SERGEANT: You Yankees'll get just as much respect in England as you're entitled to. And that's not a great deal. How can you expect us to respect you? You took the *Lusitania* murders lying down, your President has said you are too proud to fight, and now you are complaining because Britain, in blockading Germany, is impeding your trade with the murderers of your own women and children!

YANKEE: Amurrica isn't entitled tew suffer on account of yew're Yurrupean quarrels.

SERGEANT: But who have made you suffer most—the Germans or the Allies?

YANKEE: Waal, that's a matter of opinion.

SERGEANT: What! A matter of opinion? Have the Allies drowned American citizens? Have they conspired in your country to bring about strikes? Have they concealed bombs on board American ships, and burnt down American factories?

YANKEE: Waal, no.

SERGEANT: But Germany has done all that. And what do you do to maintain this awe-inspiring American dignity we hear so much about? You send "Notes" of mild protest instead of battleships with big guns, go on trading with the Boches, and Berlin laughs at you. But so soon as ever Britain begins to punish the beasts on your behalf you lose your hair, because your trade suffers slightly in the process. If your house was on fire, would you quarrel with the firemen for using water to put it out?

YANKEE: Not ser long es they didn't use tew much. Yew British air usin' tew much, an' damagin' our goods.

SERGEANT: That's it—always the dollar point of view. When future historians come to inquire what part America took in the great war for humanity, they will find it the most contemptible page in the story of a great nation. Think it over. Good day.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX. AND YOU MAY WIN IT. SEE PAGE 32.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, November 27th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bury will beat Oldham you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Oldham will beat Bury then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, November 26. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Bury	v.	Oldham
			Liverpool	v.	Everton
			Preston N. End	v.	Manchester City
			Manchester U.	v.	Southport C.
			Rochdale	v.	Blackpool
			Barnsley	v.	Bradford City
			Leeds City	v.	Notts County
			Bradford	v.	Derby County
			Leicester Fosse	v.	Sheffield U.
			Sheffield W.	v.	Lincoln City
			Crystal Palace	v.	Brentford
			Tottenham H.	v.	West Ham U.
			Queen's Park R.		Arsenal
			Clapton O.	v.	Millwall
			Ayr United	v.	Partick Thistle
			Clyde	v.	Falkirk
			Dundee	v.	Hamilton A.
			Hearts	v	Dumbarton

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 9. Closing date, Friday, November 26th.

FREE CHRISTMAS OFFER!

Davis "Message" Postcards.

How to send one's Christmas wishes in a manner suitable to the time in which we are living—a time when the stereotyped form of Christmas greeting is not always suitable—that is the question which you and thousands of other people will *this* Christmastime set themselves to solve.

Realising the difficulty the publishers of DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards have arranged to send, *free of charge*, two examples of their unique Cards, together with illustrated Art Catalogue No. 12, to all sending 1d. stamp to cover postage.

The crisp and hearty messages on the one side, supplemented by the sender's personal wishes for Christmas on the address side, make a charming combination which cannot fail to be fully appreciated.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards, kept ready to hand for ordinary correspondence, save endless time and the trouble of writing many a letter. There's a DAVIS "Message" Postcard for every occasion. Why not ask for it? There are hundreds of designs from which to make your selection.

1D EACH, OF ALL LEADING STATIONERS.

No. 534.—A fine series of 10 different designs with popular messages, printed in colours and gold on a buff card.

No. 540. An attractive series of 10 different designs and messages, printed in colours and gold.

The following trade mark is to be found on all genuine DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards. Refuse all others.

A. M. DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON EC.

£5,800 in Prizes

And SO easy!!!

Whoever you are—*wherever* you are—you have an equal opportunity with everyone else to secure a big prize.

This competition will be equally divided over seven separate districts in GREAT BRITAIN. (For Ireland there is a separate competition.) In *each* district will be awarded

1st Prize, £200

2nd Prize,	**£100**	**5 Prizes of**		**£5 each**	
3rd	**„**	**£50**	**40**	**„**	**£1** **„**
4th	**„**	**£25**	**250**	**„**	**10/-** **„**
5th	**„**	**£10**	**400**	**„**	**5/-** **„**

1,000 Boxes of Chocolates, 2/6 each

Simply send your estimate of the number of tins of Nestlé's Milk sold in your district during the 12 Months ending November 30, 1915.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Your own Grocer will give you, free, a handbill with full instructions for your district, together with figures showing the exact sales in your district for 1913 and 1914. These figures will serve as a very valuable guide in estimating.

Don't Delay! Send in your estimate at once—in any case not later than NOON, NOV. 30, 1915,

to the address given on the handbill for your district.

HOW TO COMPETE.—Cut off the part of label on tin of Nestlé's Milk where the Trade-Mark is. On the back just write your name and address, and your estimate in plain figures.

TWO REAL BARGAINS

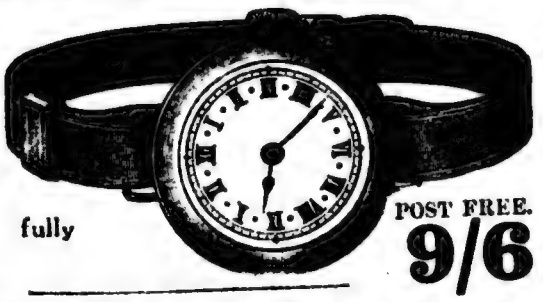
"JOHN BULL" Readers may Purchase at Wholesale Prices.

We depend for success upon recommendations from satisfied customers, that is why we offer far better value than any retail firm can possibly give.

1. A Handsome and Massive Signet Ring, Solid 9ct. gold, Government hall marked,
Send piece of cardboard with hole in exact size of finger.

Ladies' or Gent's.
POST FREE.
8/6

2. Beautiful Solid Silver wristlet watch with leather strap complete, perfect timekeeper, fully warranted.



POST FREE.
9/6

OUR FREE GIFT. If you order BOTH the above you need only send P.O. for 18s. for the two, and we will send you free of all charge a handsome 9ct. GOLD BROOCH. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Ask for list of other splendid bargains direct from the makers.

HATTON GARDEN GOLDSMITHS Co.
(Dept. G.), 5, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Acidity and Digestion

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. *A rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary antacid preparations. They owe their value to an alkaline product which has remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments. They contain no bismuth.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

A FREE TRIAL BOX of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning JOHN BULL, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

Recipe *for*

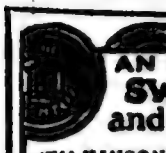
XMAS PLUM PUDDING.

Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

two ounces of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together and add six eggs, well beaten, and three quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.



AN OLD FASHIONED
SWEETMEAT
and *STILL* the best

WILKINSON'S PERFECTED PONTEFRACT CAKES are a most wholesome sweetmeat, and quite a change from toffees and chocolates. They are as acceptable to grown-ups as to youngsters. They are not sticky. To your friends at the front or in camp a tin will be a most acceptable gift.

WILKINSON'S "PERFECTED" LIQUORICE
PONTEFRACT CAKES

In ¼-lb., ½-lb., and 1-lb. tins, of all Confectioners. 1-lb. tin post free in the United Kingdom for 1s. 2d. from

W. R. WILKINSON & CO.
PONTEFRACT.

SEND 2/4 FOR 6 "FIELD" COLLARS

On receipt of postal order we will immediately send half-a-dozen best "Field" Collars of superior texture. If they're no a bargain send them back and get your money.

State size and depth, whether double, wing, round or square, stand-up to overlap, stand-up to meet, is required. Money back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

Comprehensive List of Lawn and Linen Handkerchiefs sent free.

J. FIELD & CO., Collar Specialists,
399, BELSIZE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

STAMMERING

Those who stammer or suffer from some form of speech defect, are asked to write to the Headmaster, The College, Clacton-on-Sea, who can give complete relief at a moderate fee.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S
Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

No more Rheumatism

Chameleon Oil robs rheumatism of its terrors. Quickly stops that torturing, excruciating pain, makes your days easy, and gives unbroken rest at night. Its efficacy does not depend on the vigour of your rubbing, for gently does it with Chameleon Oil. Its value is due to its remarkable and unique composition, which enables it to get below the surface and go straight to the cause of the trouble. Invaluable to soldiers in the trenches. Always keep a bottle handy. You may not need it to-day, but you will to-morrow.

Chameleon Oil

relieves and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 3d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other known preparation will do this.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S
PINELYPTUS
PASTILLES
BRONCHIAL BALSAMIC.

CHEST. THROAT. VOICE
ASTHMA. CATARRH. COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 1s½d. and 2s. 9d.

NERVES

—what misery you endure if your nerves are all wrong. Life in fact is positively irksome. Vitaloids will brace up your nervous system, and restore confidence.

CURED after 4 years.

18, Chamilers Square, Derby.—"I write to say that Vitaloids completely cured me after 4 years' suffering from Neuralgia and Loss of Flesh. I tried 14 different medicines without success. I cannot speak too highly of Vitaloids revitalising powers."
(Signed.) A. BIRCHALL.

VITALOIDS

should be taken in all cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Backache, Brain Fag, Sleeplessness, etc.

Sold by Boots, Taylors and all chemists 1s. 3 and 5s. Send 2d. stamps for sample to Vitaloids, Ltd. (J.B.), Stockton-on-Tees.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN YET?
See page 25.

"Am now in Splendid Health."

Thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. A. Petersen, of 12, South Molton Road, Canning Town, London, E. "It is some time now since I first found my health failing. I just lost strength and always felt tired. Even when I got up in the morning I was tired, and though I struggled against this weariness I could not shake it off. Then I began to lose appetite, and what little food I did eat disagreed with me, for I suffered dreadfully with flatulence. Headaches were another affliction very frequent and very severe. At last I became so ill that I consulted a doctor. The trouble had turned to jaundice, and for weeks I could do nothing. After that I continued in a low, weak state, and all the old symptoms came back. I also became very nervous, ready to jump at a sound, and I can't tell you how weak I felt. My skin and my eyes remained quite yellow.

"I began to think I was never going to get better, for I had tried a lot of things without finding any benefit, but in the end I chanced to hear about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and made up my mind to try them. I did, and it was truly astonishing how soon they did me good. They soothed my nerves almost at once, and rapidly I picked up health and strength again. Now I feel ever so well, my appetite is excellent, and my skin as clear as ever in my life. In fact, I am in splendid health, and it is Dr. Cassell's Tablets I have to thank for it."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

When Energy Flags

Trust to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Take two at night and note how well you sleep, how fresh you feel next morning; take a course of them and you will soon know the joy of health and fitness.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Disease
Spinal Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Indigestion	Vital Exhaustion
Neurasthenia	Stomach Disorder	Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices 1s., 1s. 3d. *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

Send for a Free Box.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell Co., Ltd. Box B.A., 37, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Riley's Remarkable Free Trial Offer.

A Splendid billiard Table in your Home at once, for a small first movement NOW.

WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Free Trial offer, they knew they ran no risk; for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings—so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds—and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-sized Billiard Table.

If you send a P.O. now to-night, for 8s. 6d. you get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., cash price, 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real, live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time, with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

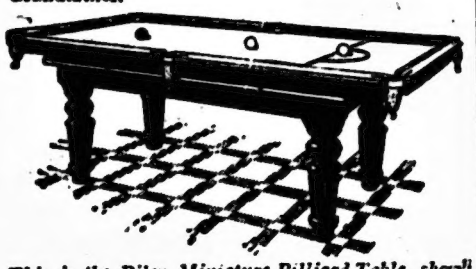
8/6 DOWN

brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the table, you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories. Other sizes—prices in proportion.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Front

Back

FOR BRITAIN'S LOYAL DAUGHTERS

Beautiful Patriotic Brooches covered with pure gold (acid proof) bearing on the front the National Coat of Arms as on Military Buttons, and having on the reverse a neat frame for holding the photo of a Son — Husband — Fiancé — Brother or friend.

Silver 2/6 Post free.

In best Gilt 1/6 Post free.

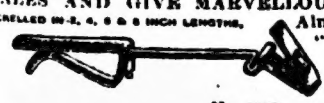
Similar Brooches are made in ordinary cheap Gilt, but this low quality we do not supply. The Brooch as above has a heavy deposit of Gold (to stand acid) and may be relied on for long wear.

THOMAS FATTORINI, Caroline Square, SKIPTON.
Established 1827.
Wholesale terms for above or any class of Badge on application.

Window Dressers' Essentials For Practically All Trades.

"WABRA" WINDOW FITTINGS INCREASE SALES AND GIVE MARVELLOUS RESULTS.

NICKELLED IN 3, 4, 5 & 6 INCH LENGTHS.



Almost Invisible "Wabra" Card Stand No. 87490

No. 1023

All Warranted British Make. | "Patent" Swivel Clip for Display.

Ask your wholesaler for "WABRA" CLIPS.

One Free Sample, any style, 2d. postage.

A. W. ABRAHAMS, 19 to 21, Pershore Street, Birmingham

ZOX

FOR **HEADACHES** and Neuralgia. An unfailing cure. Thousands use these tiny powders. Safe to take at any time.

In 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, &c., or post free from ZOX CO., on receipt of price.

FREE.—Send stamped addressed envelope for two free powders. Mention journal. Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

"Keep the Home Lamps Burning."

Dark streets brightly lighted home—what a relief! You forget quite a lot of disagreeable things when the home lamps are burning. And the lamps for the home are unquestionably

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE ELECTRIC LAMPS

Use them because:

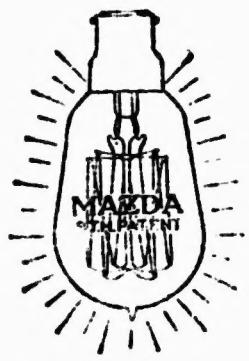
They cost the least for current.

They cost the lowest for renewals.

They save you money while they give you brilliant light.

Mazda lamps are British made in Rugby.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.



Send for our interesting folder which tells you exactly how long a unit of Electricity will last for every size of MAZDA Lamp obtainable. You cannot hope to check your lighting costs without this information. The folder and set of poster stamps sent free on request.

WHOLESALE ONLY:—

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

Branches in all large towns.

One Thous.

1st Prize £1,000

For This Week only **BULLETS HUGE**

SECOND PRIZE £100

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

250 TURKEYS
TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

OVER 5,000 PRIZES VALUE £2,100 THIS WEEK!

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition, No. 164:—

LORD KITCHENER
ANNOYING THE KAISER
NOBLE CALLING
S USAGE MEAT.
IN GREAT DEMAND
THE WRONG NOTE
LOOKS DANGEROUS
GETTING THE BIRD
GAS LADY
MOST TEMPTING WHEN
ARMED NEUTRALITY
MISSING A TREAT
DEAR THINGS
NO PLACE LIKE HOME
LISTENING POST
OFF THE MAP
TOO GOOD TO MISS
NOT SATISFIED
UPSIDE DOWN
HASTENING THE WEDDING
FAULTLESS HUSBAND
IN THE KNOW
SMACKS OF AFFECTION
THROWING MUD
KEPT IN PLACE
RAPID FIRING
THE RIGHT SORT
FRIENDLY RELATIONS
AFTER THE FAIR
STATE OF GERMANY

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the twenty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or **FOUR** words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
NOT SATISFIED.
Bullet:—
PESSIMIST WITH ANYTHING NOWADAYS.

Example:—
IN THE KNOW.
Bullet:—
WAR EXPERT RARELY.

Example:—
KEPT IN PLACE.
Bullet:—
MANY INCOMPETENTS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of sixpence for each coupon used must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Dec. 11th.

This week's "Bullet" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated Nov. 20th.

No. _____ Closing date, Thursday, Nov. 25th.

Example _____

Pullet _____

Example _____

Pullet _____

(164) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 164" "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing date, Thursday, Nov. 25th

Example _____

Pullet _____

Example _____

Pullet _____

(164) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If Two Coupons are used, a Postal Order must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our military and naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 165. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before Thursday, December 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **165** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 165, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 165.

THE KAISER'S WEAK SPOT	MUST BE CLEARED	FIT TO FIGHT	ROUSES FATHER
THE MAIN OBJECT	LIKE RATS	FAIR LADY	LOSING HIS WAY
GETTING A MOVE ON	LAST TIME OF ASKING	TOO HAPPY FOR WORDS	MY DEAR WIFE
LANDING THE TROOPS	MAKING THE PUDDING	DOING HIS BEST	GIVING SATISFACTION
WHO'S MASTER	TRYING BUSINESS	NOT ENOUGH GO	KEEPING HIS PROMISE

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

and Pounds!

XMAS BOX!

For This Week only

1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 TARGET PRIZES	2,000 SPECIAL CHRIST-MAS PRIZES	AND 250 *SPECIALLY SELECTED* TURKEYS

1st Prize £1,000

NO READER CAN AFFORD TO MISS THIS RECORD OFFER!

No. **Closing date, Thursday, Nov. 25th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(164) P.O. No.....

I price to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If Three Coupons are used, 1s. 6d. must be sent.

☞ **Please note that all Four Coupons can be used, and that an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used must be sent.**

No. **Closing date, Thursday, Nov. 25th.**

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(164) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If Four Coupons are used, 2s. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*) :—

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on these pages, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 161.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :—

SUKNER J. RAY (M.M.G.S.), George Arthur Ward, Suffolk Hospital, Ampton Hall, nr. Bury St. Edmunds.
Example :—TRYING SITUATION.
Bullet :—GREECE FINDS "PICKING WINNERS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. WALTER WICKS, Sunnyside, Fritwell, Banbury.
Example :—LORD DERBY'S TASK.
Bullet :—"AFTER YOU, SIR!"

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :

Mr. SYD G. BULLIMORE, 50, Crawshay Road, Brixton, S.W. :
DECIDING TO JOIN—"JUST CAUSE," NO "IMPEDIMENTS."

Miss SARAH BURDEN, 41, Olney Street, Walworth, S.E. :
WHEN RENT S BEHIND—NO "BRASS" FOR "KNOCKER."

Mr. H. L. BURNISTON, 78, London Road, Worcester :
THE KAISER REGRETS—AMERICA'S PASSAGE OF ARMS."

Mr. AMBROSE TAYLOR, 17, Tytherton Road, Tufnell Park, N. :
TRYING SITUATION—"TURNED UP"—"TURNED DOWN!"

Mrs. N. E. BRUNEL, 30, West Road, Woolston, Hants :
ASTONISHING BEHAVIOUR—GREY GIVING "COUNTRY" AWAY.

Mr. F. R. BOWEN, 125, New North Road, Hoxton, N. :
STANDING JOKE—THE "DEFENCE" OF LONDON.

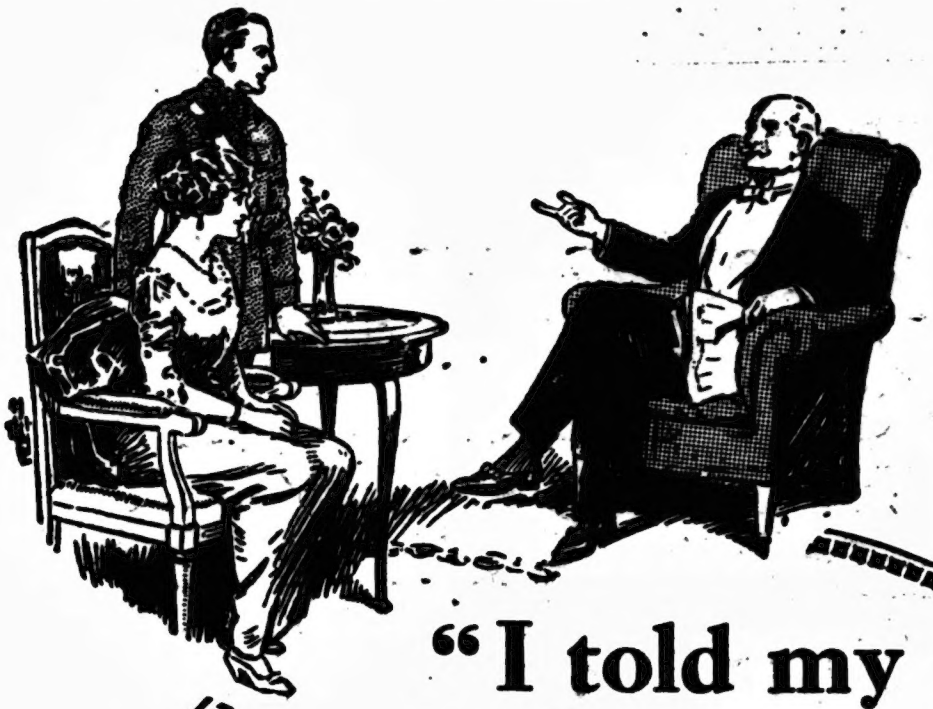
Mr. A. B. HATFIELD, 63, Lodge Road, Southampton :
FULL OF SPIRITS—CONGREGATION'S FINAL "AMEN."

Mr. J. J. HAMPSON, Free Library, Costessey, nr. Norwich :
NOT EASY TO FIND—AGE OF OLDEST "STARS."

Mrs. FRIEND, Lynton Lodge, Hythe, Kent : LOOKS CHEAP—CAR—ALSO OWNER UNDERNEATH.

Mr. S. G. BRUNT, 170, Granville Road, Child's Hill, N.W. :
LITTLE DEAR—KISSING ACTRESSES AT BAZAAR.

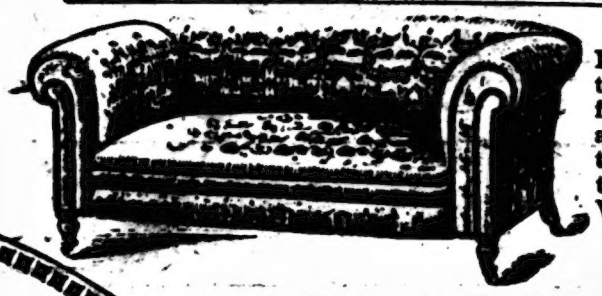
OWING TO LACK OF SPACE WE ARE UNABLE TO PUBLISH THIS WEEK A LIST OF THE £2 10s. PRIZE-WINNERS AND THE 250 WINNERS OF TURKEYS. A LIST OF THESE PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE FORWARDED ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP, AND A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THESE OFFICES.



Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.**



Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end.
£4 14s. 6d.

"I told my wife I wouldn't

buy any furniture until I had had a good look round the best places in London, and found out where I really could get value for my money.

"But I might just as well have taken her advice and gone to the 'Midland' straight away.

"Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"Comparison convinced me that the 'Midland' prices are the lowest you can get anywhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. Their Ideal Terms are the fairest and most advantageous; they give you the choice of over £100,000 worth of really sound, well-made, beautifully designed furniture; and when you have picked exactly what you want—as you certainly will—you can pay at your convenience without being charged a penny extra for credit."

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons to give you an idea of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere; you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."

10% Discount for Cash

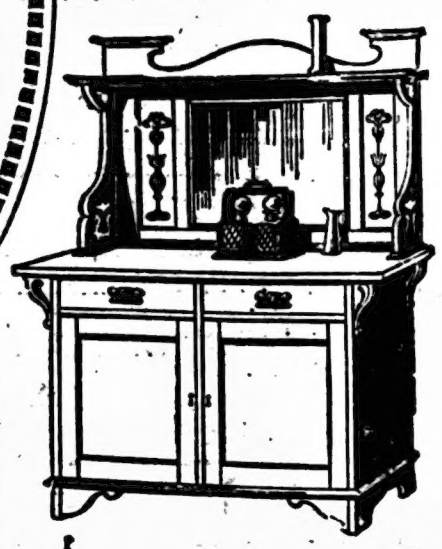
Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ..	£0 6 0	£50 .. £1	8 0
£20 ..	0 11 0	£100 . 2	5 0
£30 ..	0 17 0	£200 . 4	0 0
£40 ..	1 5 0	£300 . 11	5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Orders by Post
are carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager, packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid.

Exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered, and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice.
£2 15s. 0d.



Handsome 4-ft. Sideboard, soundly constructed of fumed oak, with inlaid panels and bevelled plate glass.
£6 6s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Exceedingly handsome Dining Room Suite in Oak, finished a rich antique brown, consisting of Dresser with roomy cupboard; Gate Leg Table, 5ft. by 3ft. 6in.; Set of Chairs, comprising carver and 4 small chairs.
£14 14s 0d

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.—Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2695.